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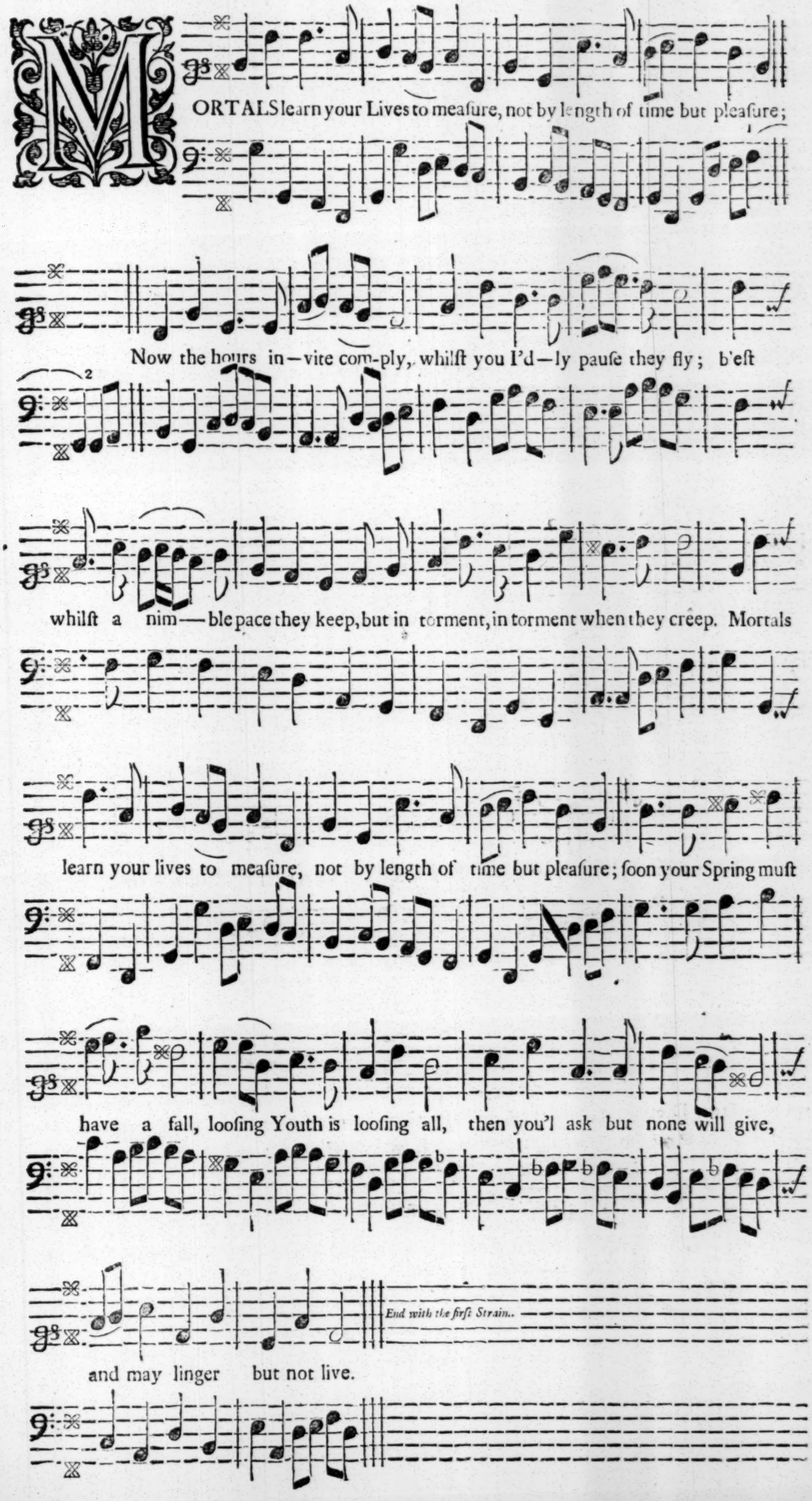
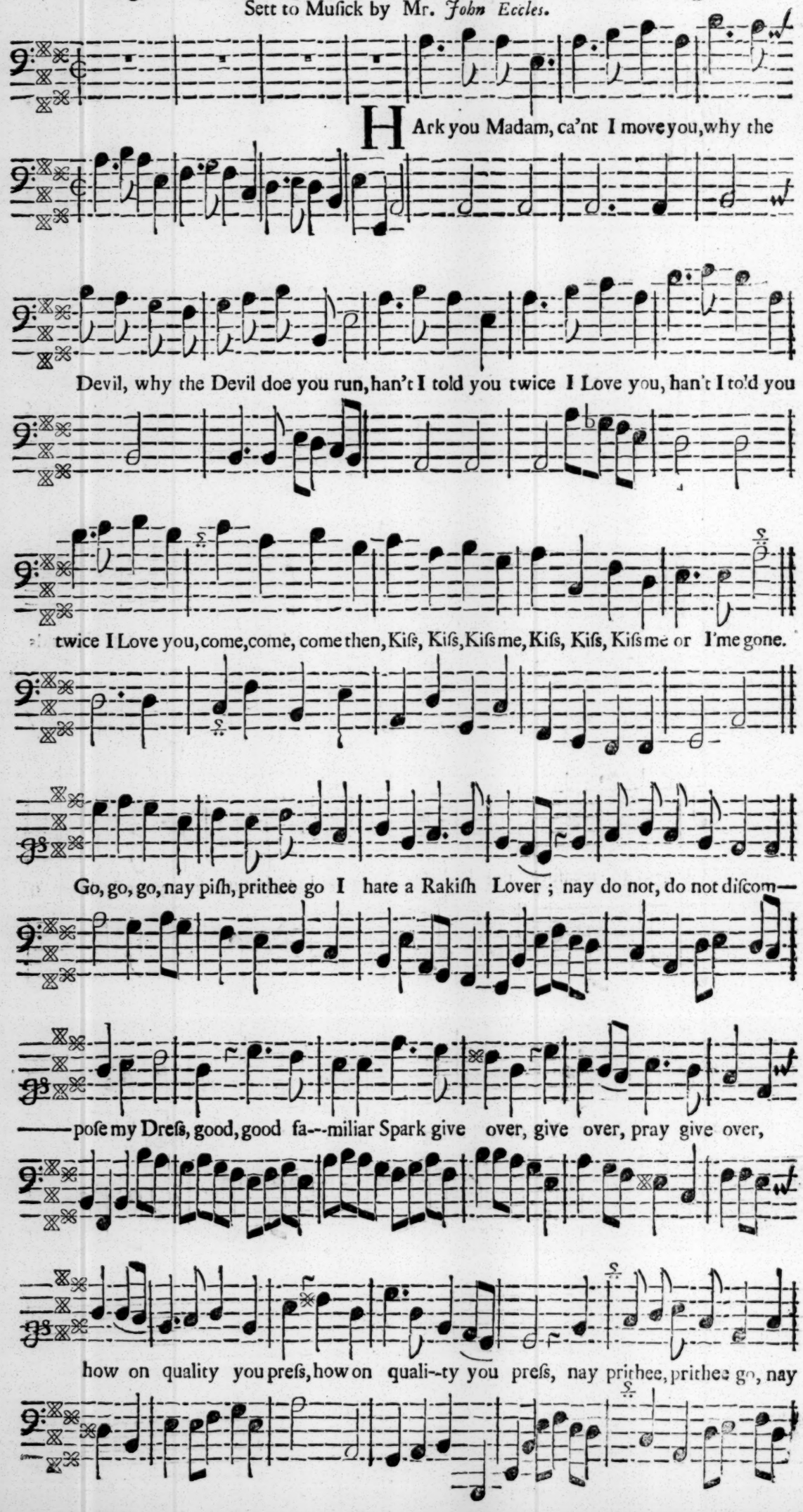
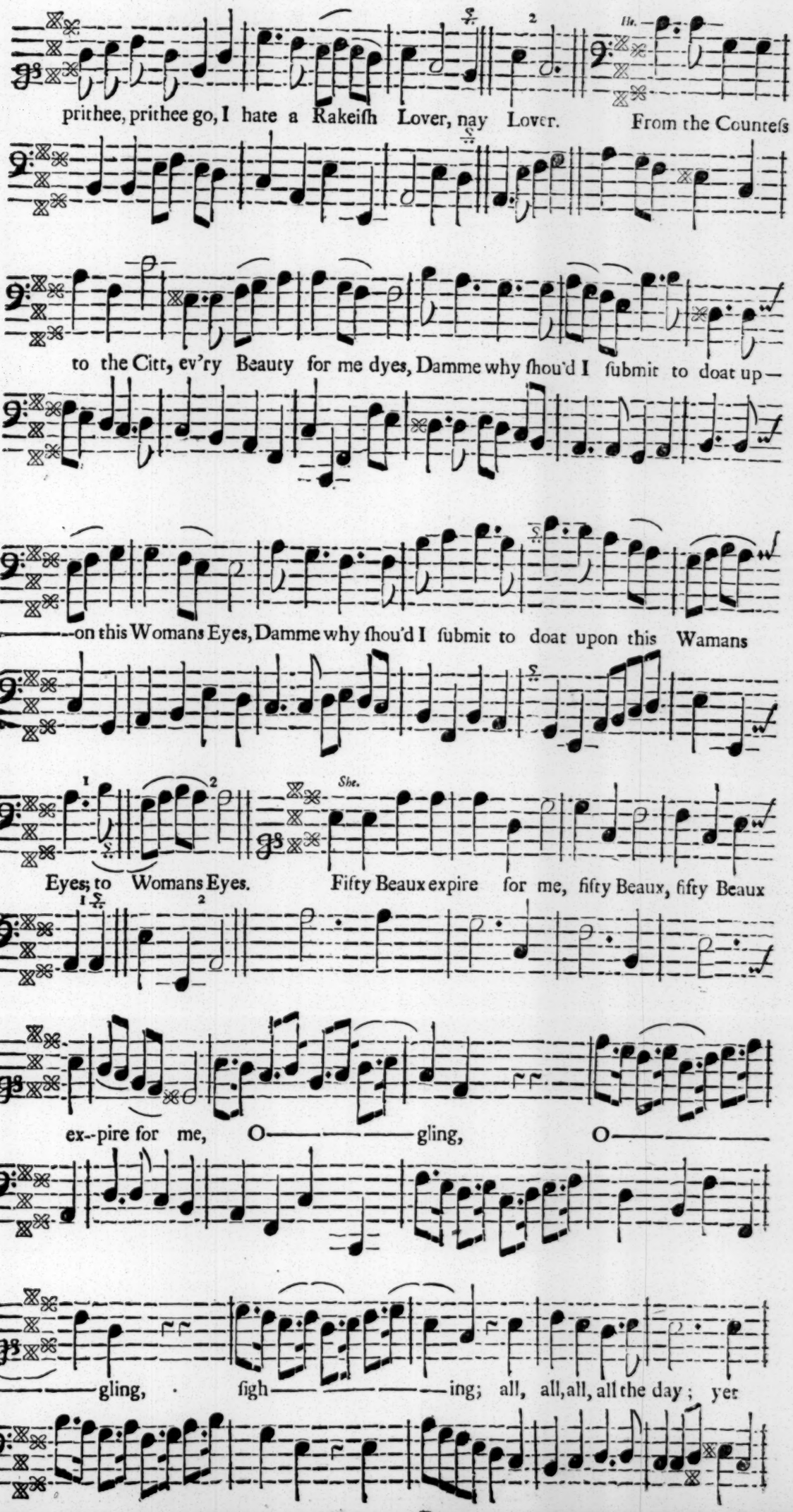
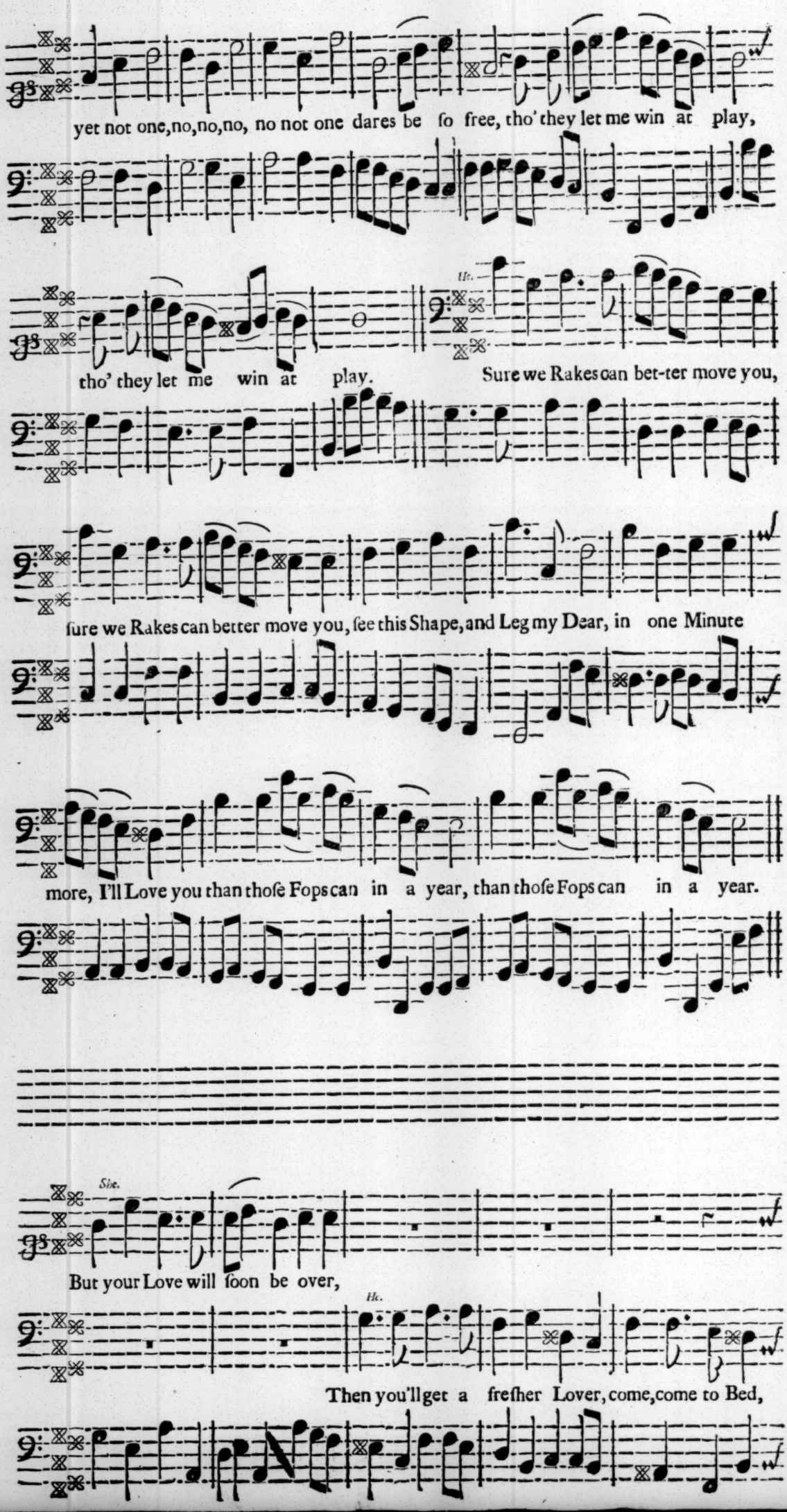
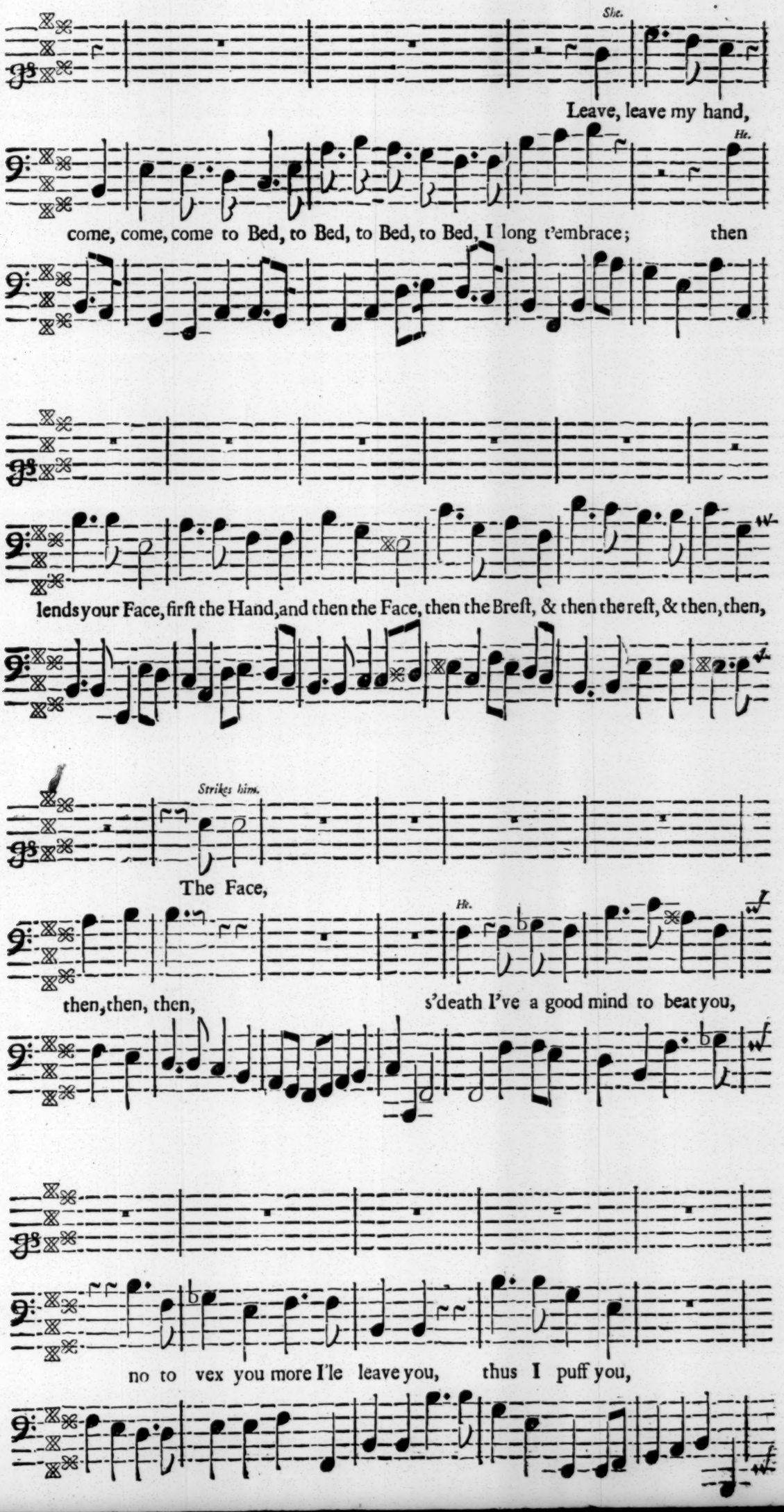


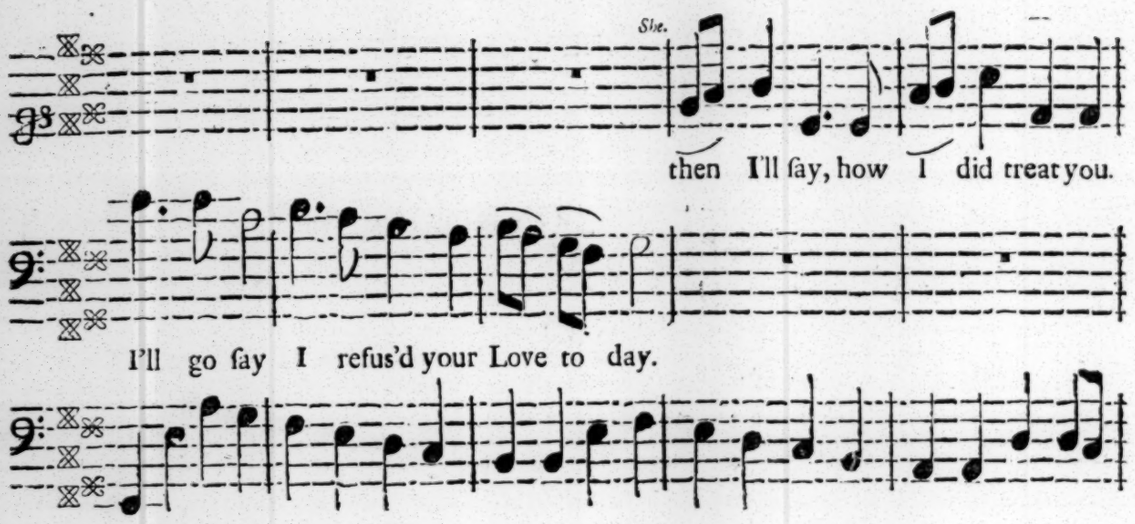
A Dialogue in (*Love's a Jeſt*) between Mr. *Bowman* and Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Sett to Muſick by Mr. *John Eccles.*



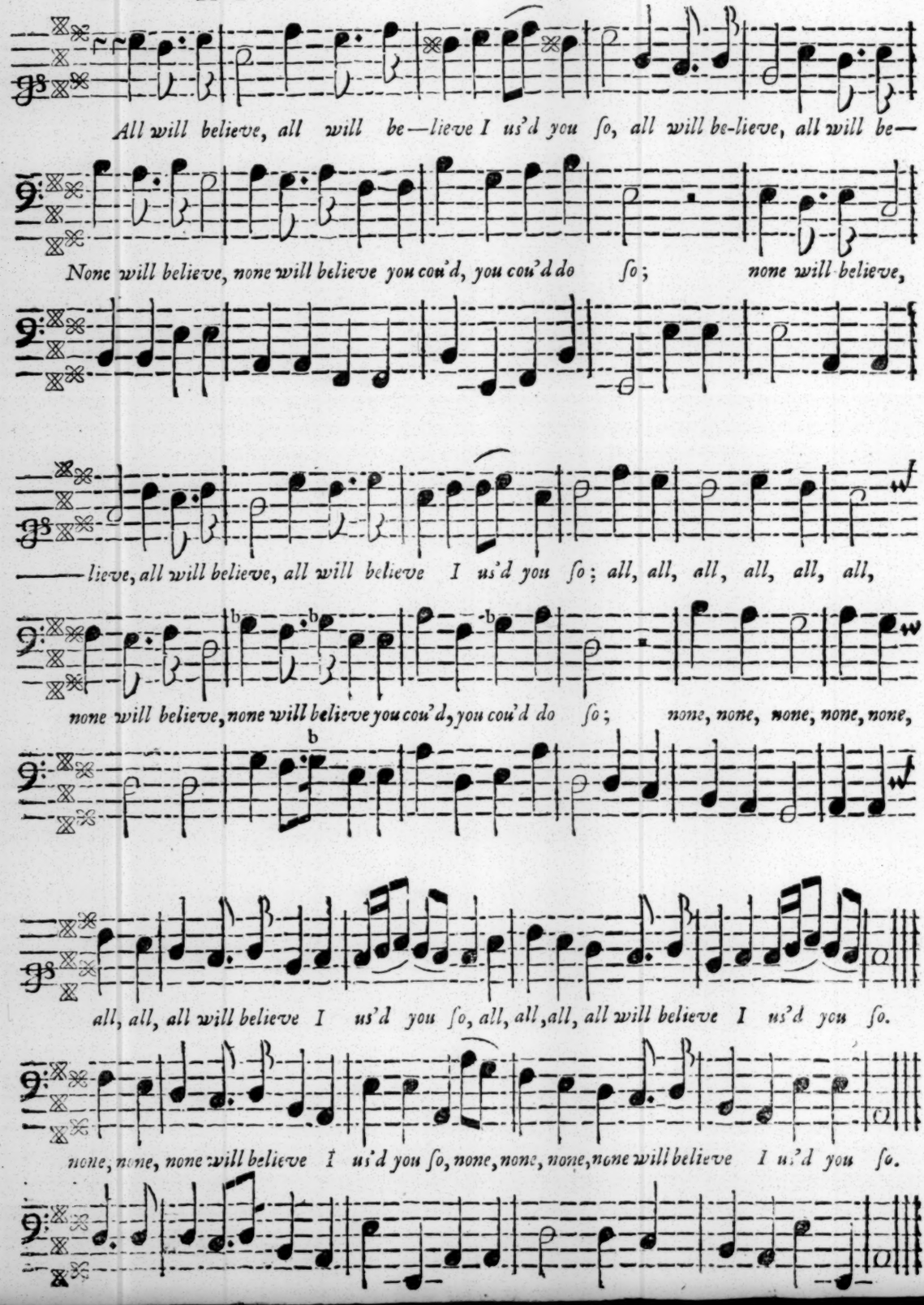

He.
prithee, prithee go, I hate a Rakeiſh Lover, nay Lover. From the Counteſs
to the Citt, ev'ry Beauty for me dyes, Damme why ſhou'd I ſubmit to doat up—
——on this Womans Eyes, Damme why ſhou'd I ſubmit to doat upon this Womans
She.
Eyes; to Womans Eyes. Fifty Beaux expire for me, fifty Beaux, fifty Beaux
ex--pire for me, O——gling, O——
——gling, ſigh——ing; all, all, all, all the day; yet


yet not one, no, no, no, no not one dares be ſo free, tho' they let me win at play,
tho' they let me win at play.
He.
Sure we Rakes can bet-ter move you,
ſure we Rakes can better move you, ſee this Shape, and Leg my Dear, in one Minute
more, I'll Love you than thoſe Fops can in a year, than thoſe Fops can in a year.
She.
But your Love will ſoon be over,
He.
Then you'll get a freſher Lover, come, come to Bed,

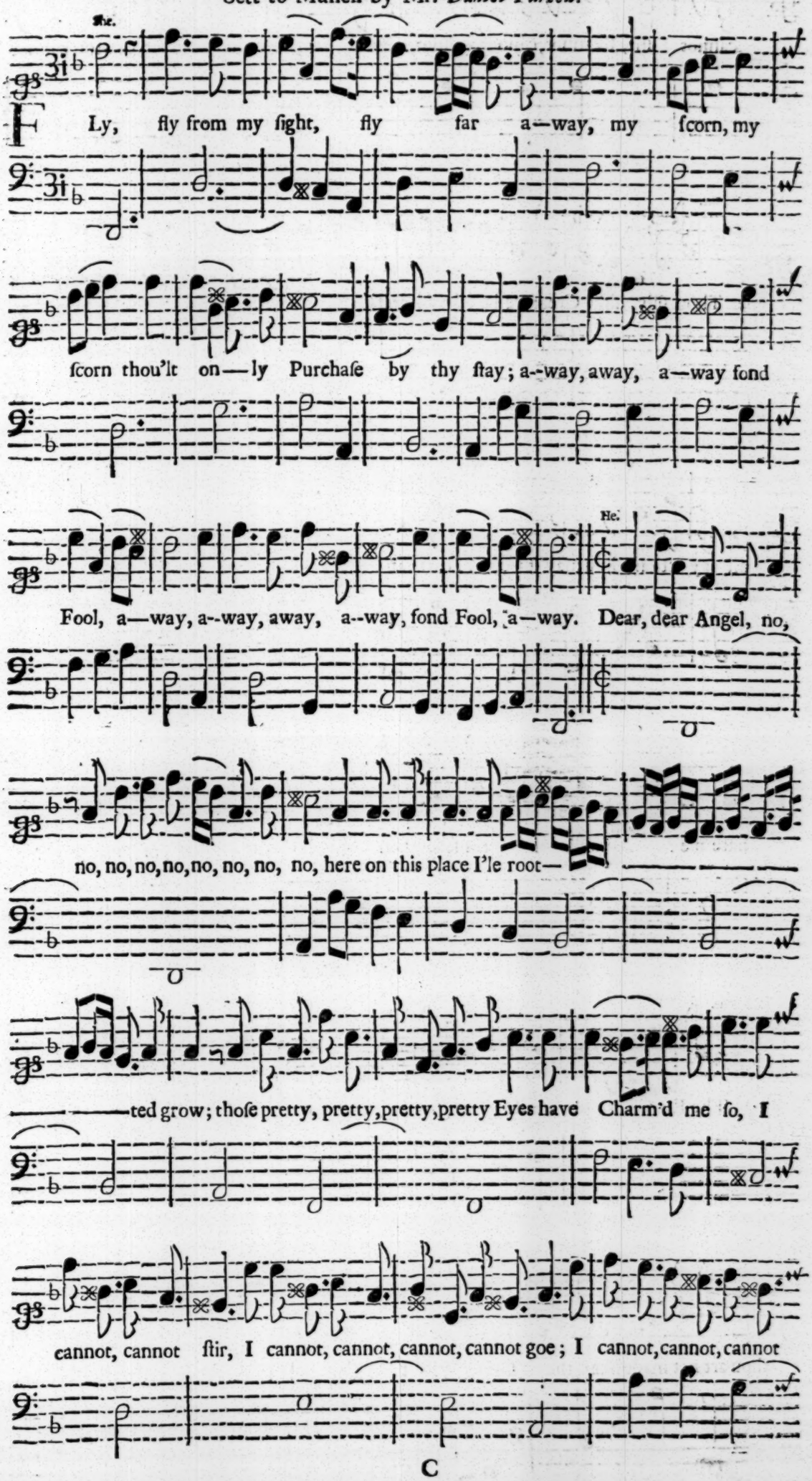

She.
Leave, leave my hand,
He.
come, come, come to Bed, to Bed, to Bed, to Bed, I long t'embrace; then
lends your Face, firſt the Hand, and then the Face, then the Breſt, & then the reſt, & then, then,
Strikes him.
The Face,
He.
then, then, then,
s'death I've a good mind to beat you,
no to vex you more I'le leave you, thus I puff you,

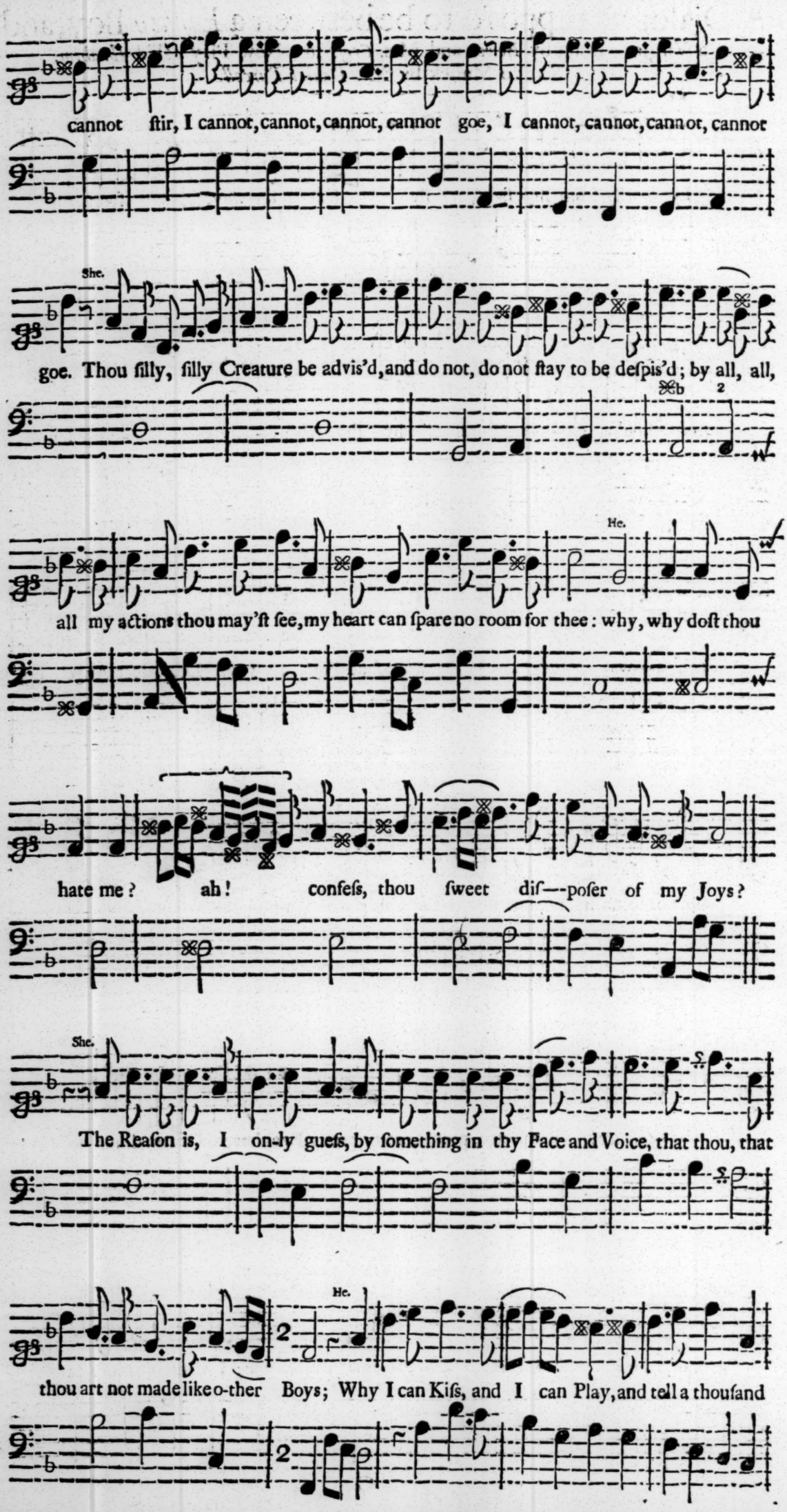

She.
then I'll ſay, how I did treat you.
I'll go ſay I refus'd your Love to day.

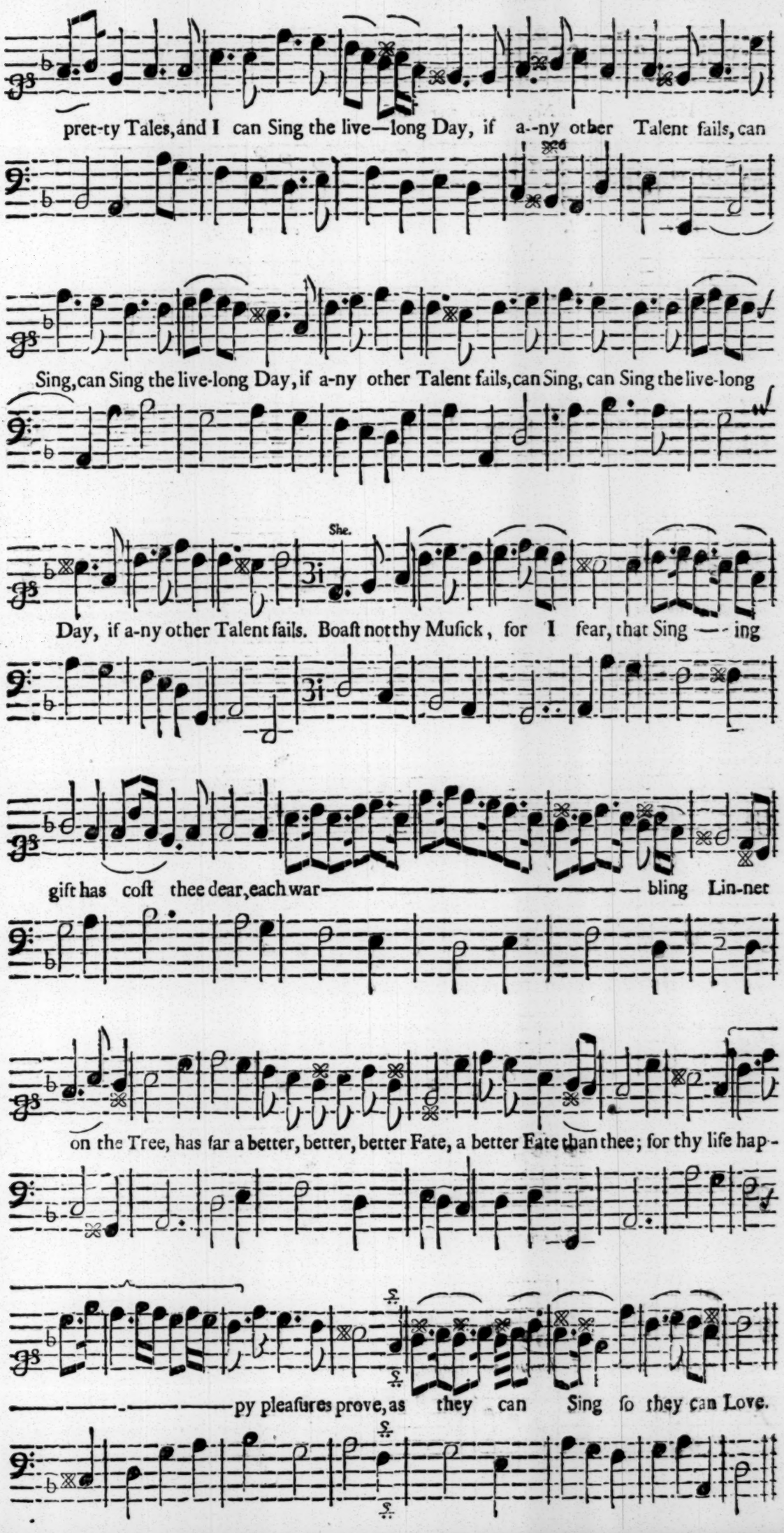
CHORUS.


All will believe, all will be—lieve I us'd you ſo, all will be-lieve, all will be—
None will believe, none will believe you cou'd, you cou'd do ſo; none will believe,
—lieve, all will believe, all will believe I us'd you ſo; all, all, all, all, all, all,
none will believe, none will believe you cou'd, you cou'd do ſo; none, none, none, none, none,
all, all, all will believe I us'd you ſo, all, all, all, all will believe I us'd you ſo.
none, none, none will believe I us'd you ſo, none, none, none, none will believe I us'd you ſo.

A Dialogue ſuppos'd to be between a *Eunuch* Boy, and a Virgin. Sung by *Bowen* and Mrs. *Croſs* in a New Play call'd *Ibrahim*. Sett to Muſick by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.

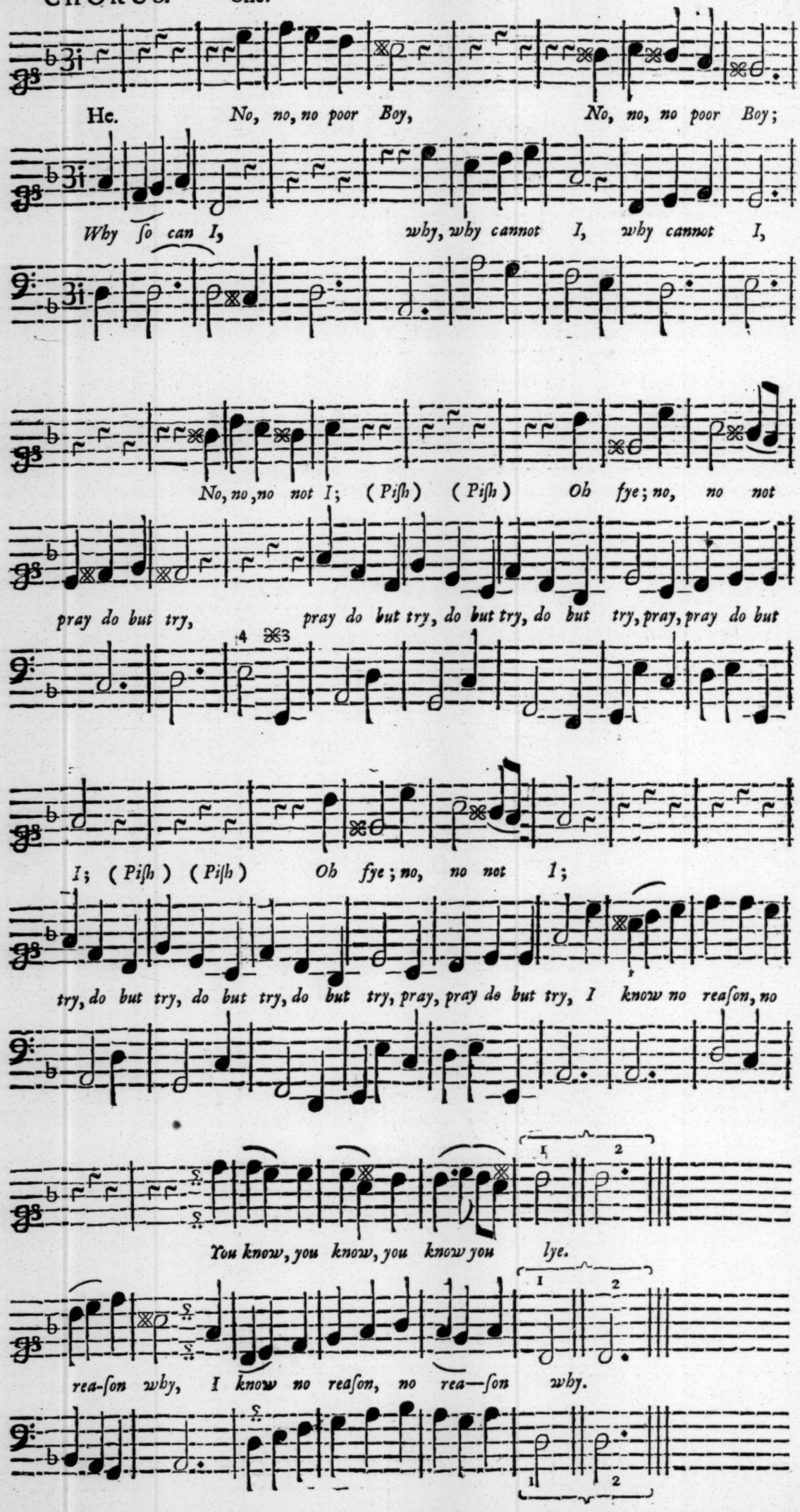



cannot ſtir, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot goe, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot
She.
goe. Thou ſilly, ſilly Creature be advis'd, and do not, do not ſtay to be deſpis'd; by all, all,
He.
all my actions thou may'ſt ſee, my heart can ſpare no room for thee: why, why doſt thou
hate me? ah! confeſs, thou ſweet diſ—poſer of my Joys?
She.
The Reaſon is, I on-ly gueſs, by ſomething in thy Face and Voice, that thou, that
He.
thou art not made like o-ther Boys; Why I can Kiſs, and I can Play, and tell a thouſand

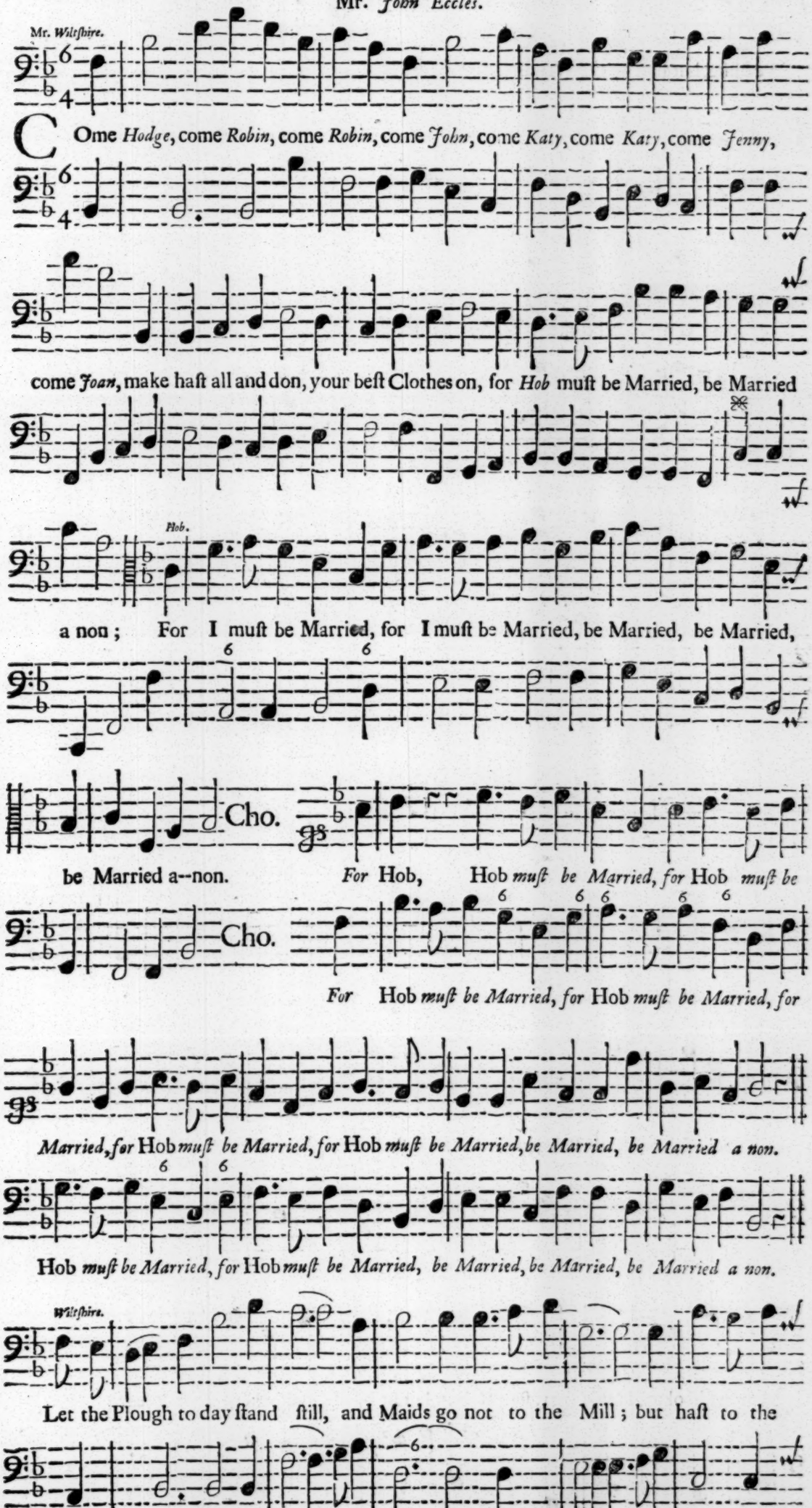

pret-ty Tales, and I can Sing the live—long Day, if a--ny other Talent fails, can
Sing, can Sing the live-long Day, if a-ny other Talent fails, can Sing, can Sing the live-long

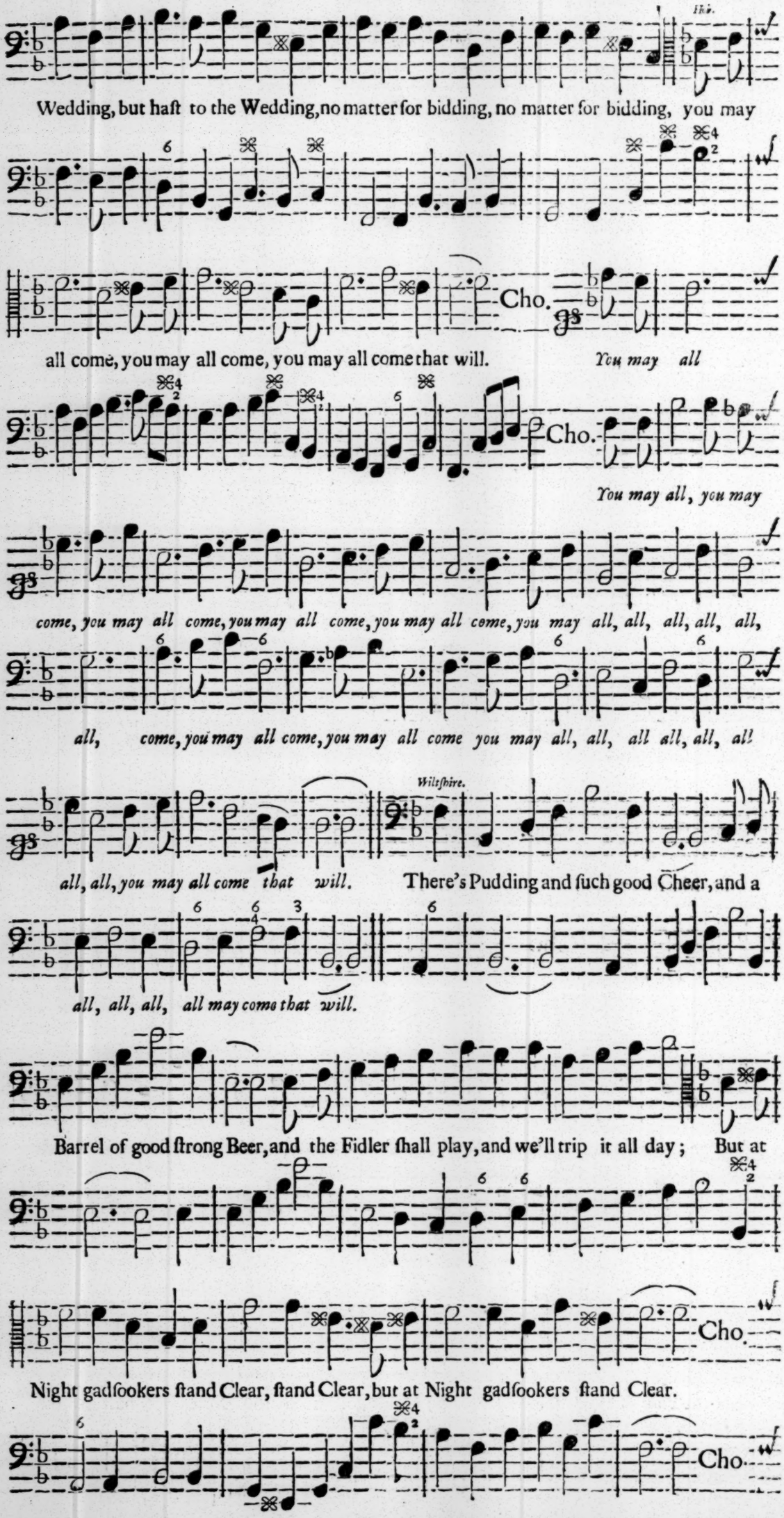
Day, if a-ny other Talent fails. Boast not thy Musick, for I fear, that Sing — ing
gift has cost thee dear, each war——————————— bling Lin-net
on the Tree, has far a better, better, better Fate, a better Fate than thee; for thy life hap-
——————————py pleasures prove, as they can Sing so they can Love.

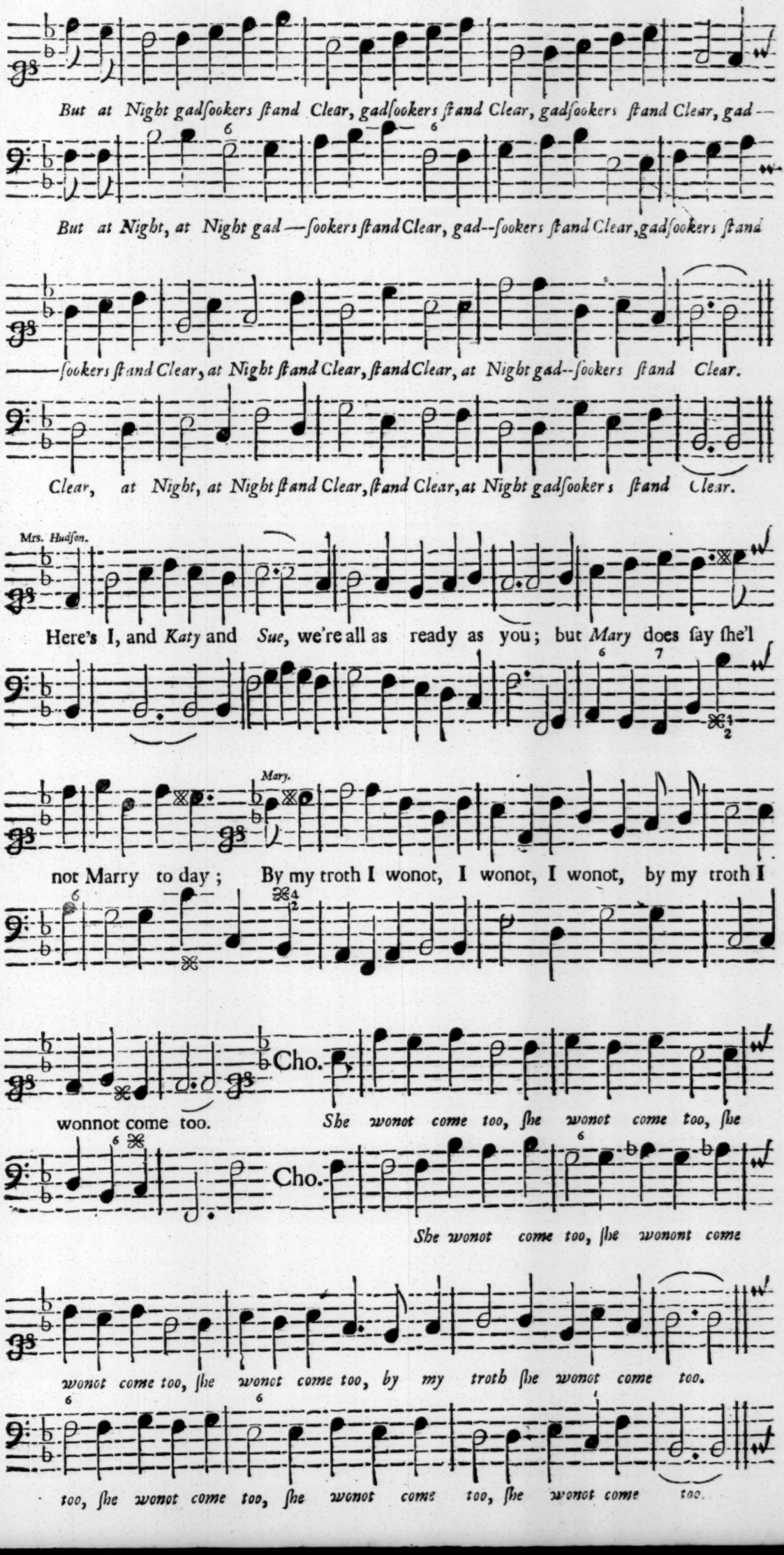
CHORUS. She.

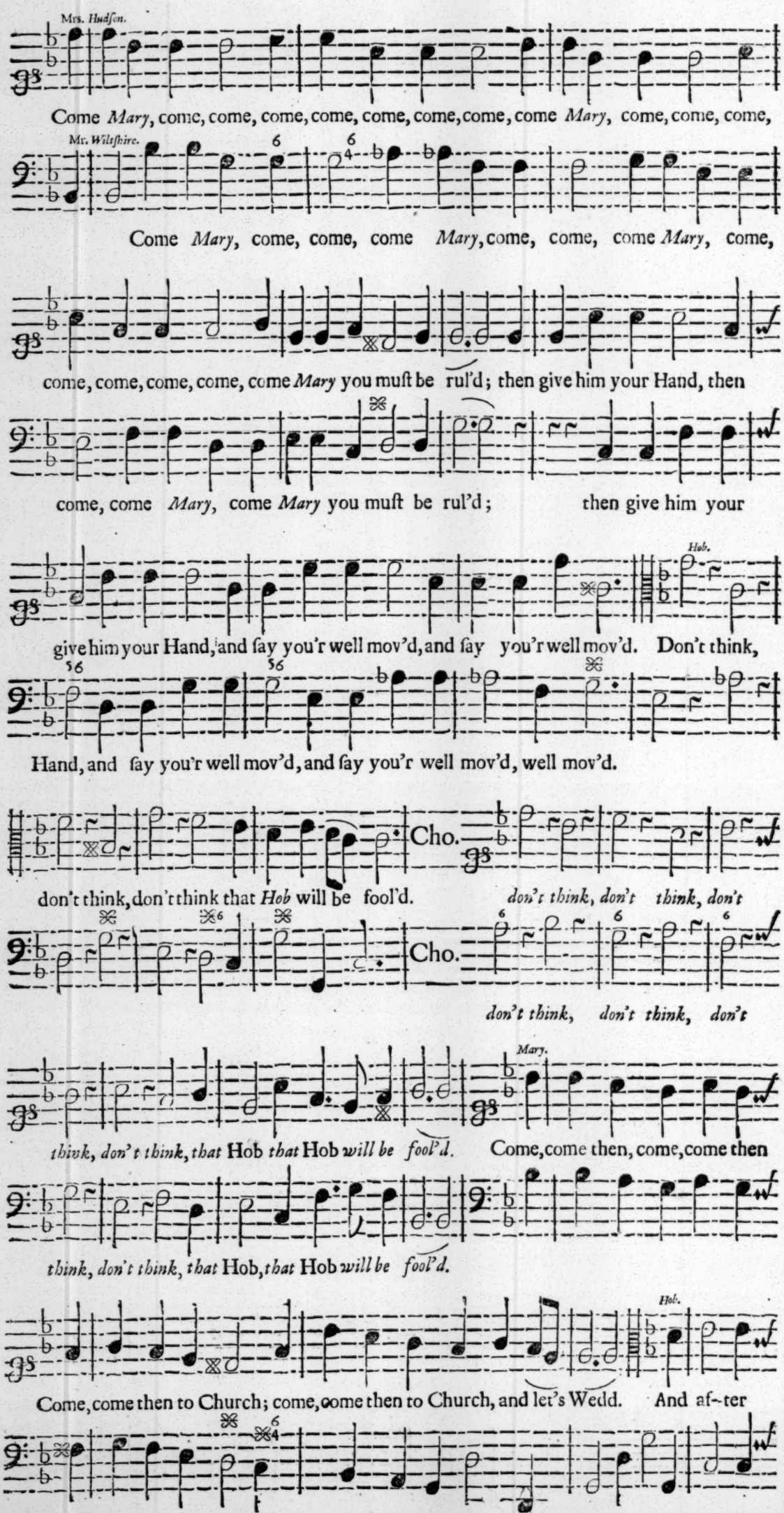

He. No, no, no poor Boy, No, no, no poor Boy;
Why ſo can I, why, why cannot I, why cannot I,
No, no, no not I; (Piſh) (Piſh) Oh fye; no, no not
pray do but try, pray do but try, do but try, do but try, pray, pray do but
I; (Piſh) (Piſh) Oh fye; no, no not I;
try, do but try, do but try, do but try, pray, pray do but try, I know no reaſon, no
You know, you know, you know you lye.
rea-ſon why, I know no reaſon, no rea—ſon why.

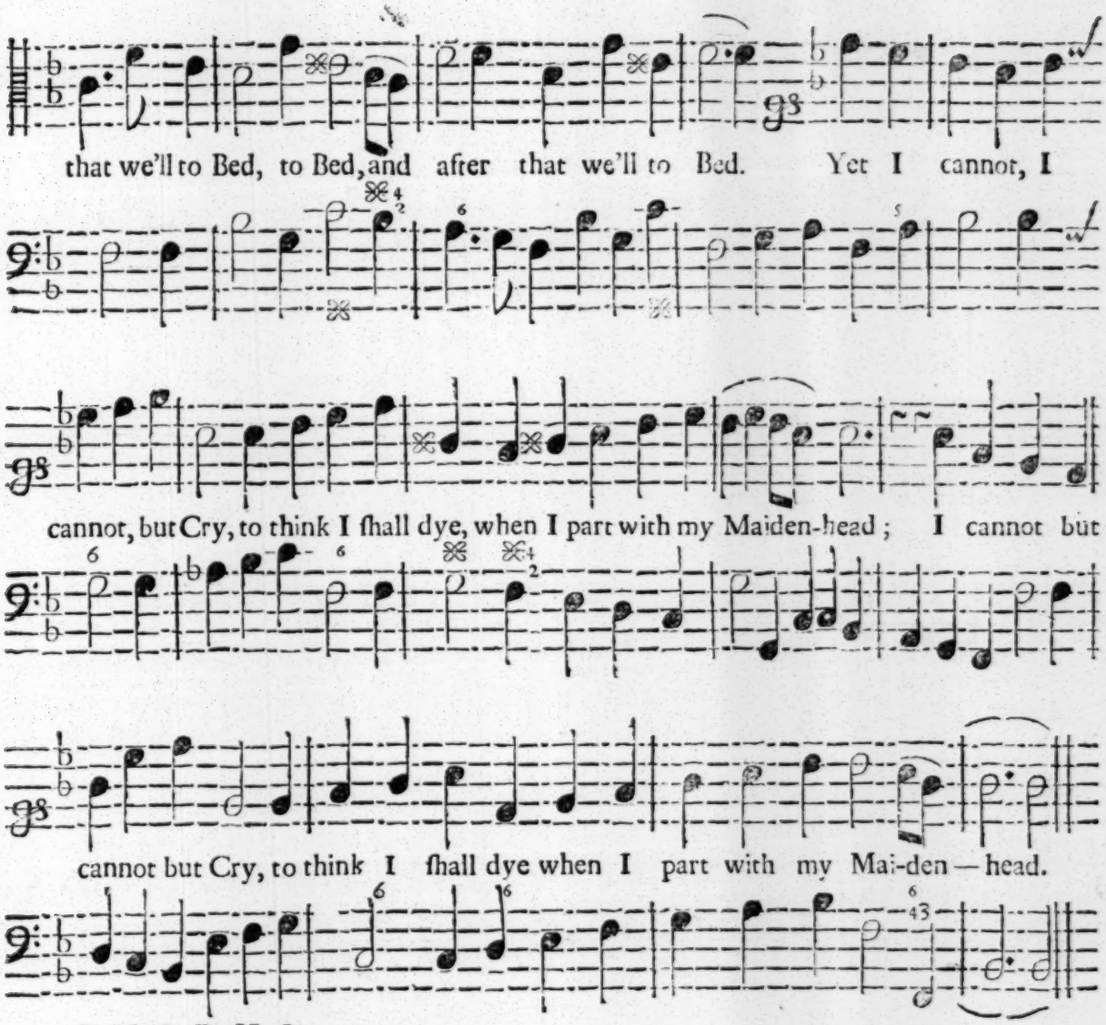
A Dialogue Sung on *Hob*'s Wedding, at a Country *Wake*. Sett to Muſick by Mr. *John Eccles*.



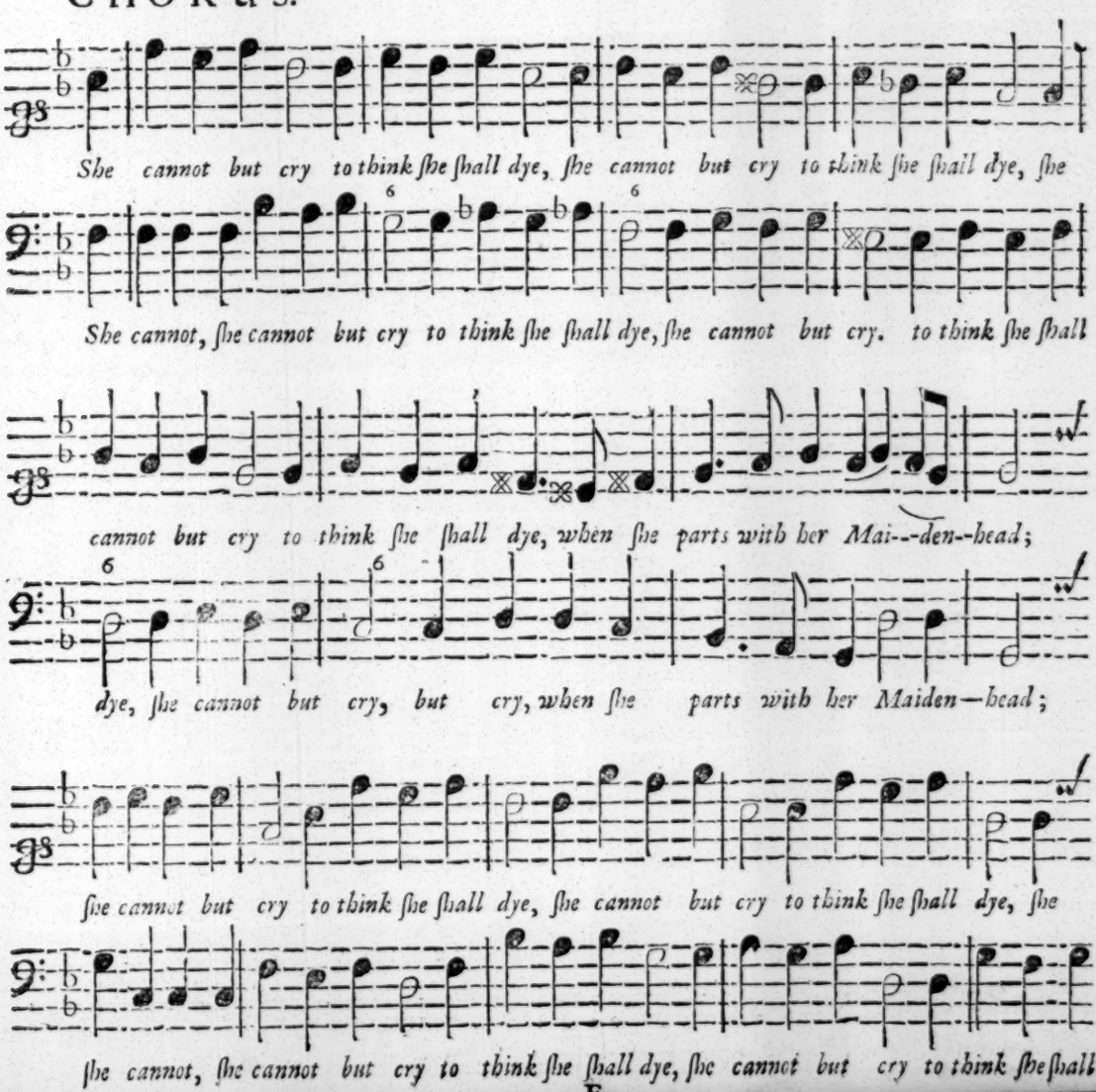

Wedding, but haſt to the Wedding, no matter for bidding, no matter for bidding, you may
Cho.
all come, you may all come, you may all come that will.
You may all
Cho.
You may all, you may
come, you may all come, you may all come, you may all come, you may all, all, all, all, all,
all, come, you may all come, you may all come you may all, all, all all, all, all
Wiltſhire.
all, all, you may all come that will.
There's Pudding and ſuch good Cheer, and a
all, all, all, all may come that will.
Barrel of good ſtrong Beer, and the Fidler ſhall play, and we'll trip it all day; But at
Cho.
Night gadſookers ſtand Clear, ſtand Clear, but at Night gadſookers ſtand Clear.
Cho.

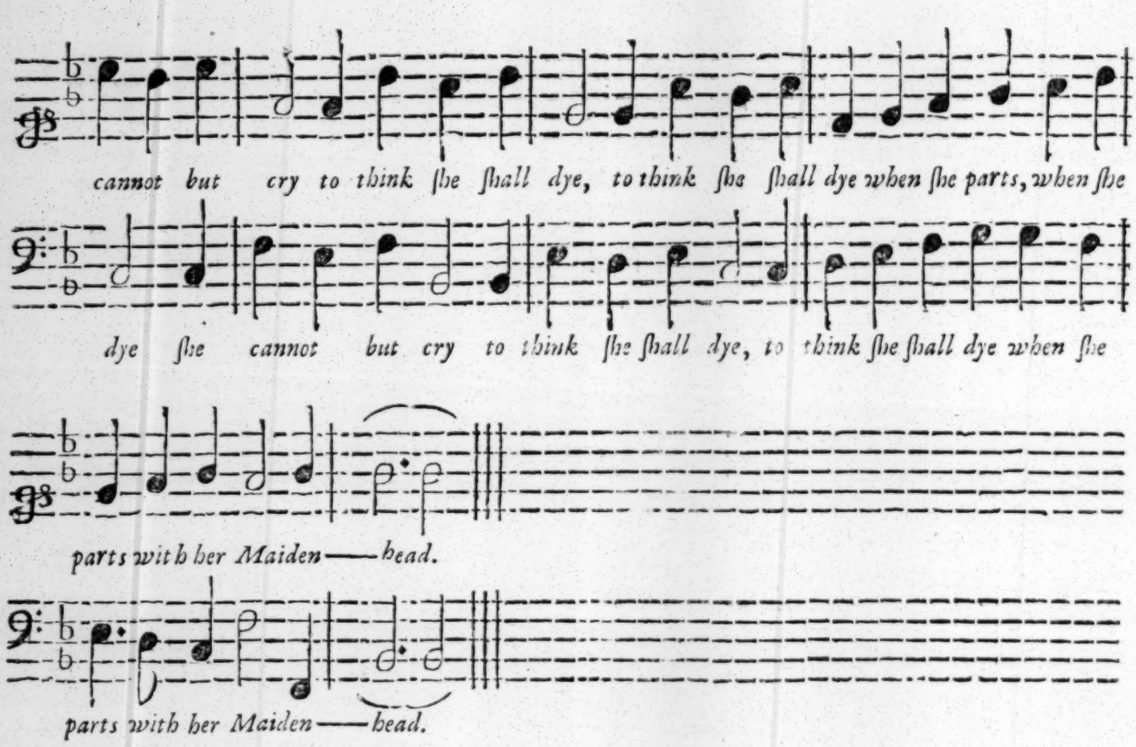

But at Night gadſookers ſtand Clear, gadſookers ſtand Clear, gadſookers ſtand Clear, gad—
But at Night, at Night gad—ſookers ſtand Clear, gad--ſookers ſtand Clear, gadſookers ſtand
—ſookers ſtand Clear, at Night ſtand Clear, ſtand Clear, at Night gad--ſookers ſtand Clear.
Clear, at Night, at Night ſtand Clear, ſtand Clear, at Night gadſookers ſtand Clear.
Mrs. Hudſon.
Here's I, and Katy and Sue, we're all as ready as you; but Mary does ſay ſhe'l
Mary.
not Marry to day; By my troth I wonot, I wonot, I wonot, by my troth I
wonnot come too.
Cho.
She wonot come too, ſhe wonot come too, ſhe
Cho.
She wonot come too, ſhe wonont come
wonot come too, ſhe wonot come too, by my troth ſhe wonot come too.
too, ſhe wonot come too, ſhe wonot come too, ſhe wonot come too.


Mrs. Hudſon.
Come Mary, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come Mary, come, come, come,
Mr. Wiltſhire.
Come Mary, come, come, come Mary, come, come, come Mary, come,
come, come, come, come, come Mary you muſt be rul'd; then give him your Hand, then
come, come Mary, come Mary you muſt be rul'd; then give him your
Hob.
give him your Hand, and ſay you'r well mov'd, and ſay you'r well mov'd. Don't think,
Hand, and ſay you'r well mov'd, and ſay you'r well mov'd, well mov'd.
Cho.
don't think, don't think that Hob will be fool'd.
don't think, don't think, don't
Cho.
don't think, don't think, don't
Mary.
think, don't think, that Hob that Hob will be fool'd. Come, come then, come, come then
think, don't think, that Hob, that Hob will be fool'd.
Hob.
Come, come then to Church; come, come then to Church, and let's Wedd. And af-ter

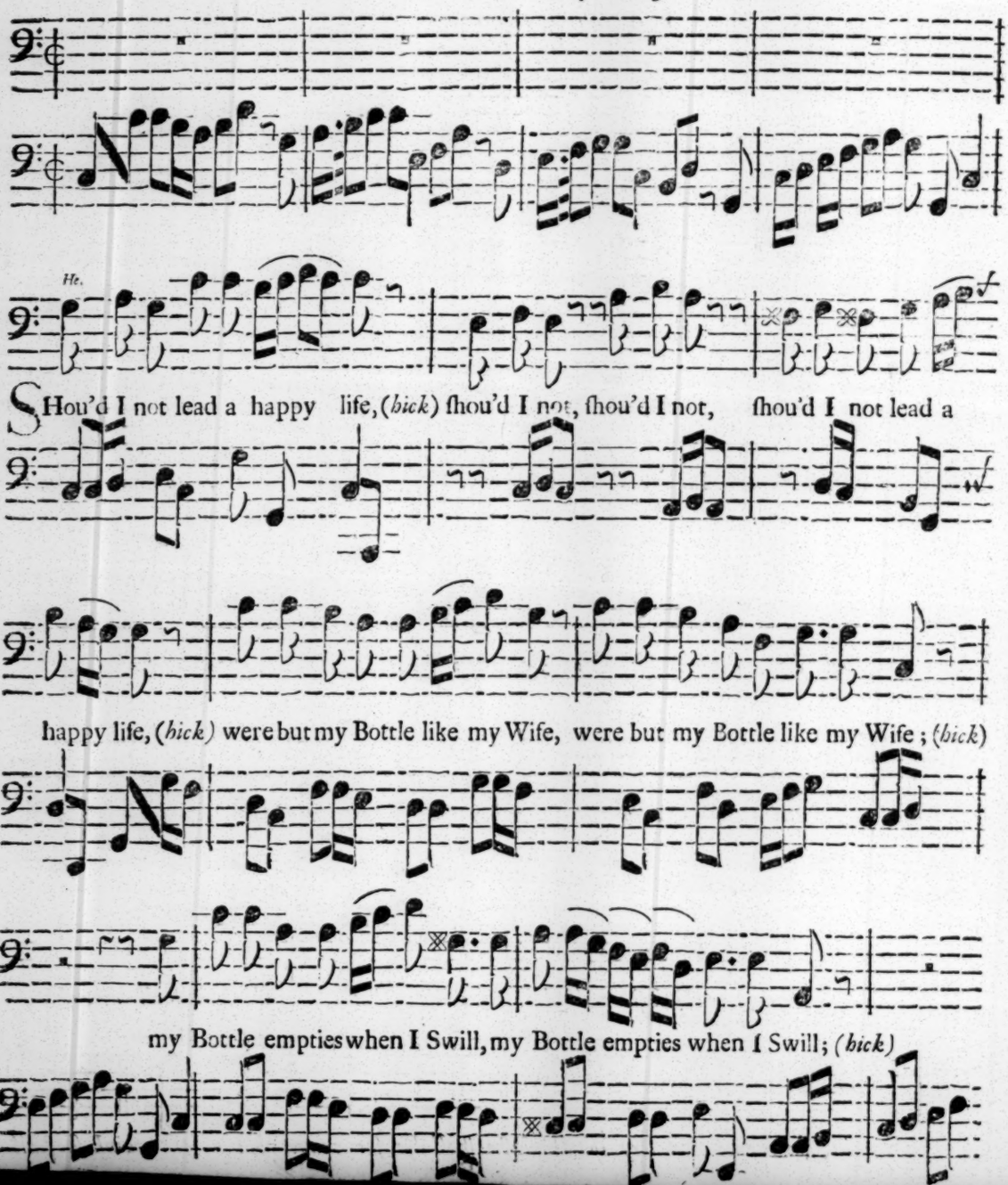

that we'll to Bed, to Bed, and after that we'll to Bed. Yet I cannot, I
cannot, but Cry, to think I ſhall dye, when I part with my Maiden-head; I cannot but
cannot but Cry, to think I ſhall dye when I part with my Mai-den—head.

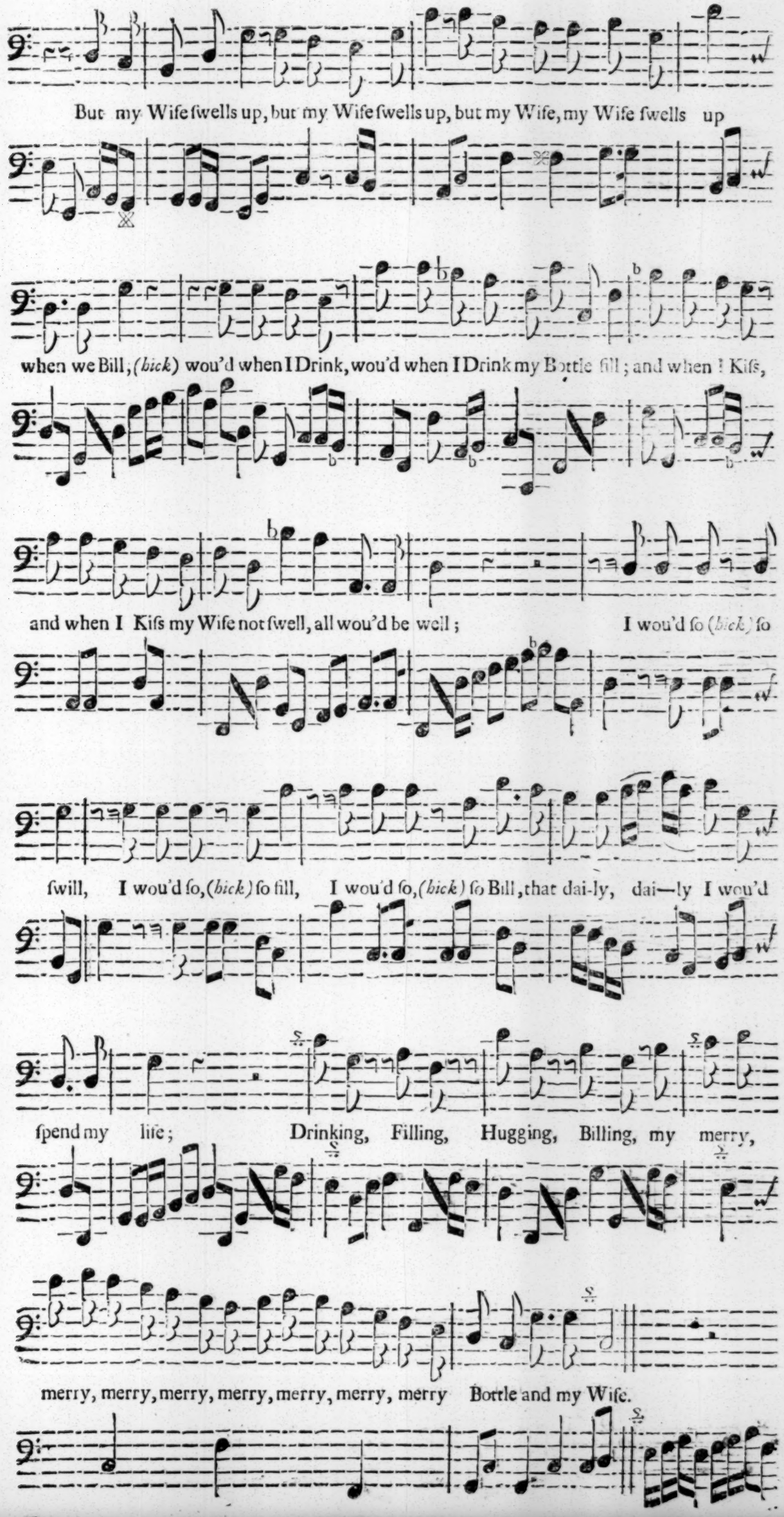
CHORUS.

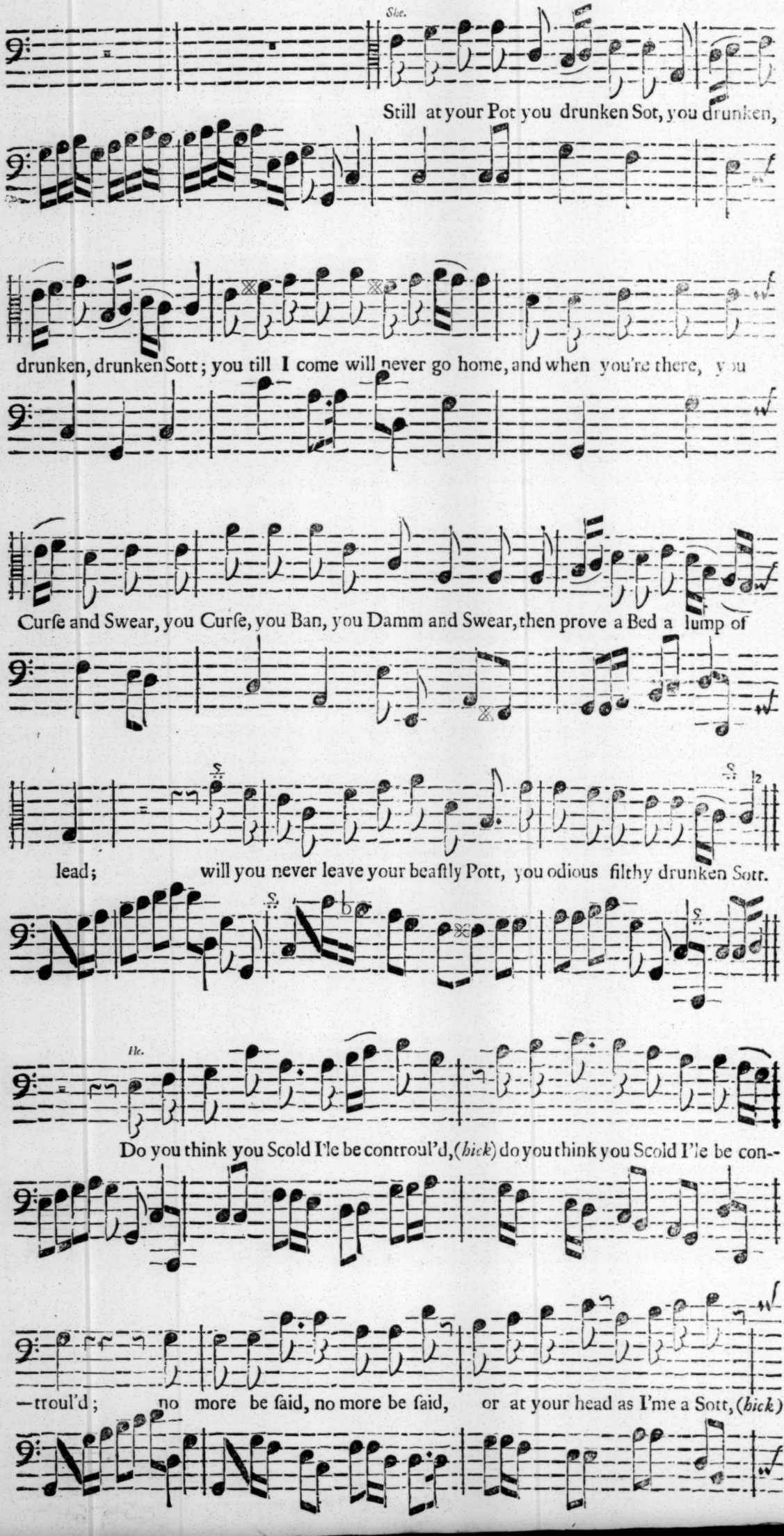

She cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe
She cannot, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe cannot but cry. to think ſhe ſhall
cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, when ſhe parts with her Mai---den--head;
dye, ſhe cannot but cry, but cry, when ſhe parts with her Maiden—head;
ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe
ſhe cannot, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall dye, ſhe cannot but cry to think ſhe ſhall

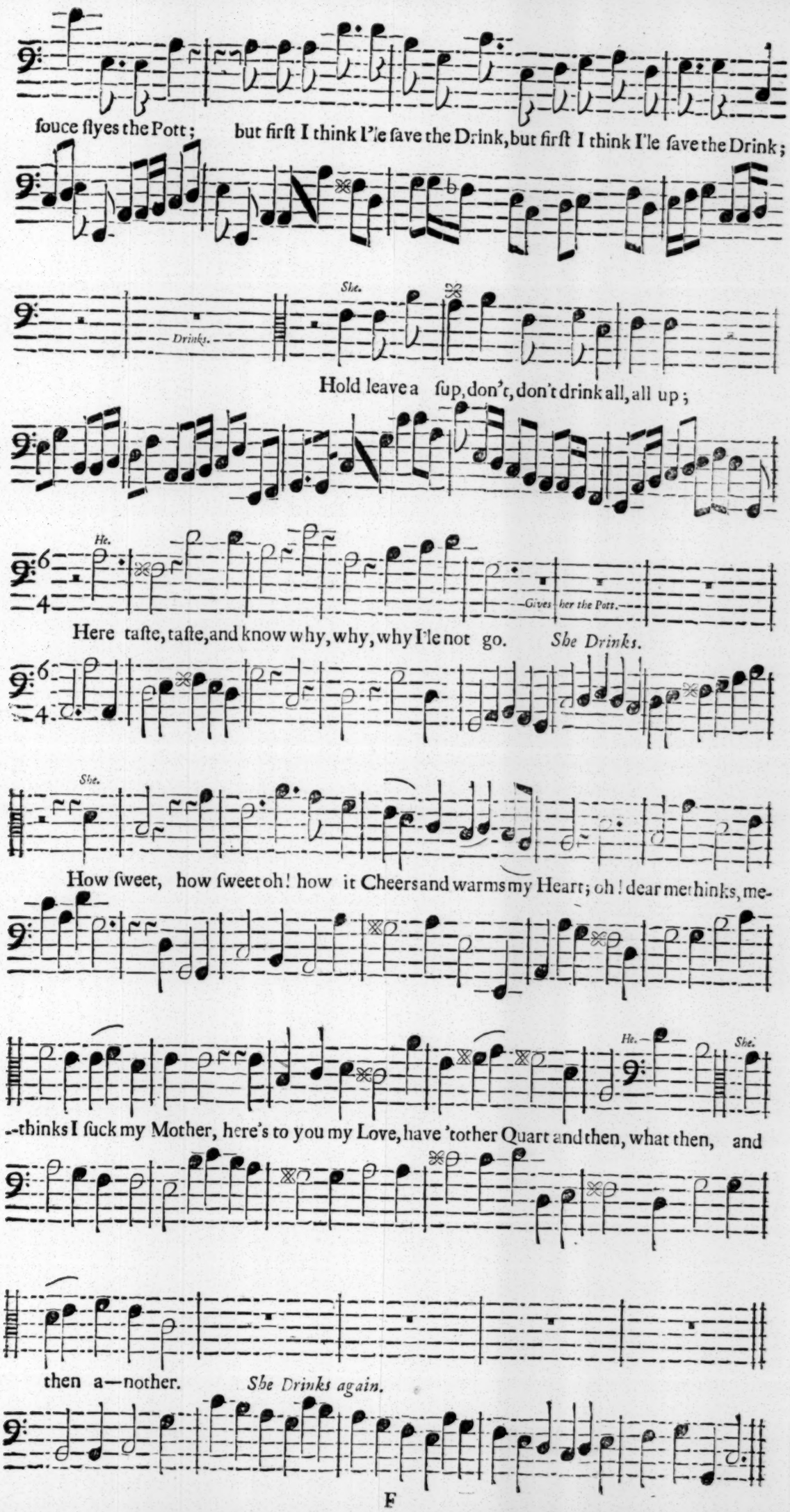


A Drunken Dialogue in (*Love's a Jeſt*) between Mr. *Reading* and M. *Lee*, in the Second Act. Set to Muſick by Mr. *John Eccles*.

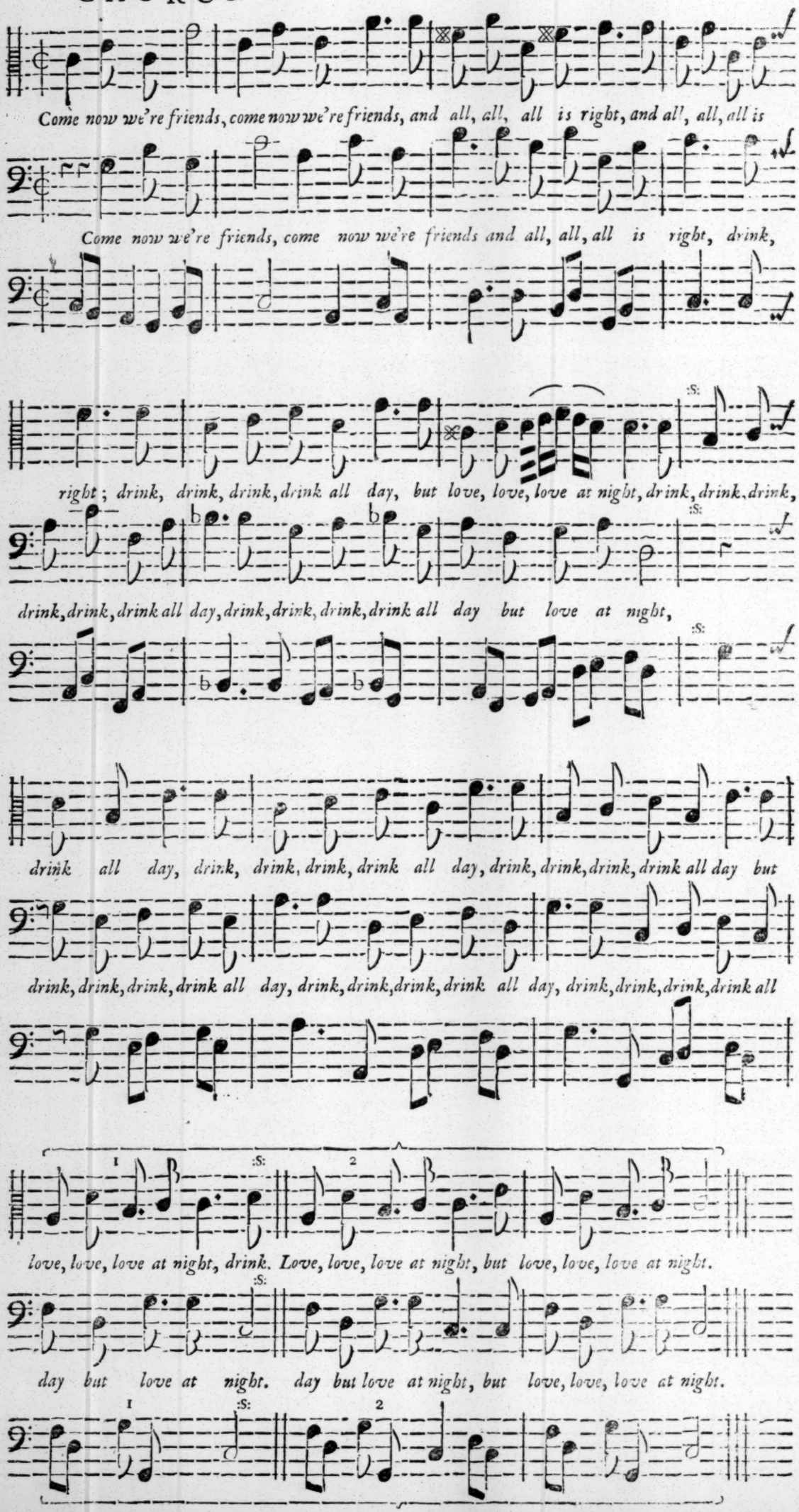



But my Wife ſwells up, but my Wife ſwells up, but my Wife, my Wife ſwells up
when we Bill, (hick) wou'd when I Drink, wou'd when I Drink my Bottle fill; and when I Kiſs,
and when I Kiſs my Wife not ſwell, all wou'd be well; I wou'd ſo (hick) ſo
ſwill, I wou'd ſo, (hick) ſo fill, I wou'd ſo, (hick) ſo Bill, that dai-ly, dai—ly I wou'd
ſpend my life; Drinking, Filling, Hugging, Billing, my merry,
merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry Bottle and my Wife.


She.
Still at your Pot you drunken Sot, you drunken,
drunken, drunken Sott; you till I come will never go home, and when you're there, you
Curſe and Swear, you Curſe, you Ban, you Damm and Swear, then prove a Bed a lump of
lead; will you never leave your beaſtly Pott, you odious filthy drunken Sott.
He.
Do you think you Scold I'le be controul'd, (hick) do you think you Scold I'le be con--
-troul'd; no more be ſaid, no more be ſaid, or at your head as I'me a Sott, (hick)

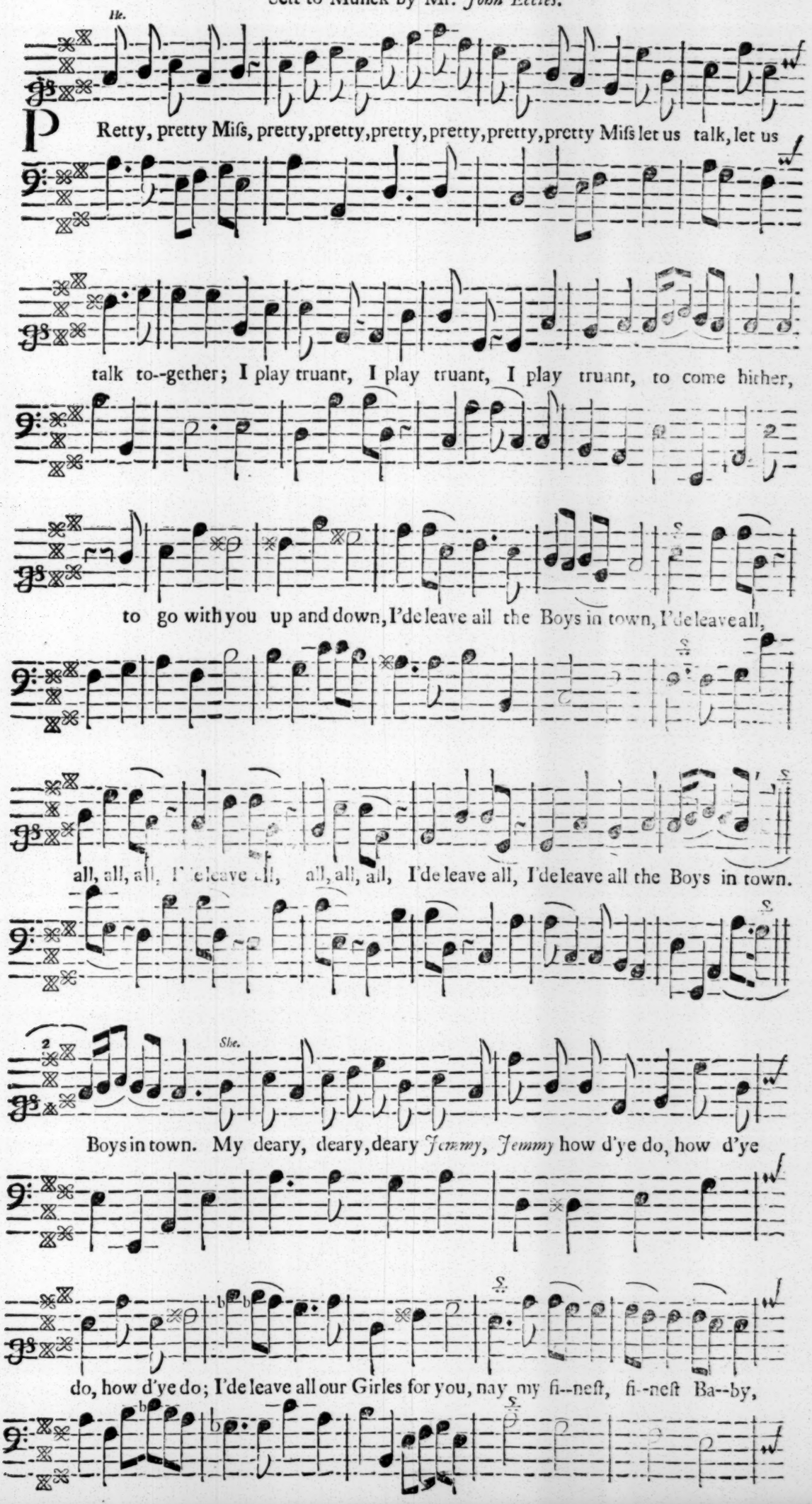

ſouce ſlyes the Pott; but firſt I think I'le ſave the Drink, but firſt I think I'le ſave the Drink;
Drinks.
She.
Hold leave a ſup, don't, don't drink all, all up;
He.
Gives her the Pott.
Here taſte, taſte, and know why, why, why I'le not go. She Drinks.
She.
How ſweet, how ſweet oh! how it Cheers and warms my Heart; oh! dear me thinks, me-
He.
She.
-thinks I ſuck my Mother, here's to you my Love, have 'tother Quart and then, what then, and
then a—nother. She Drinks again.

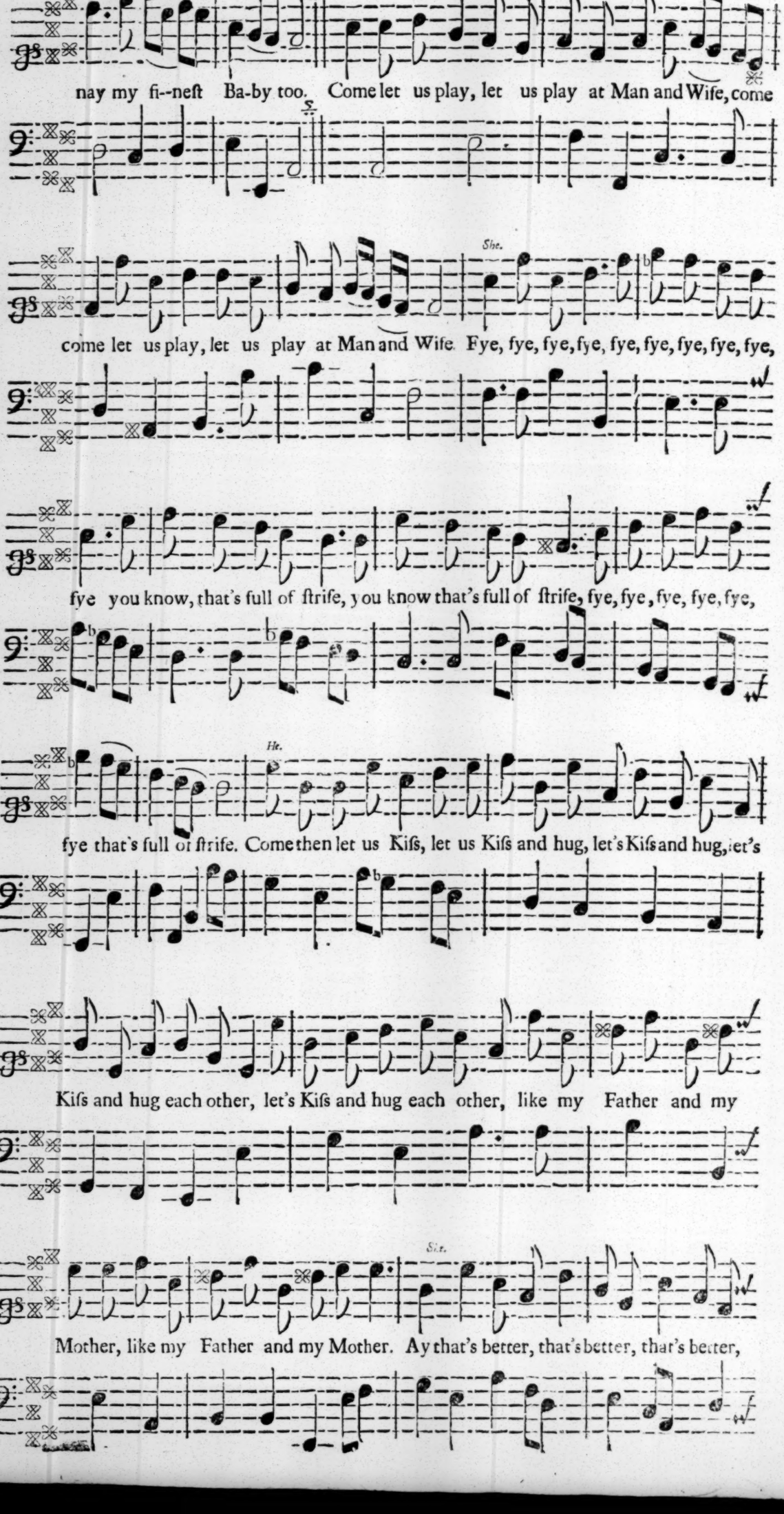
CHORUS.

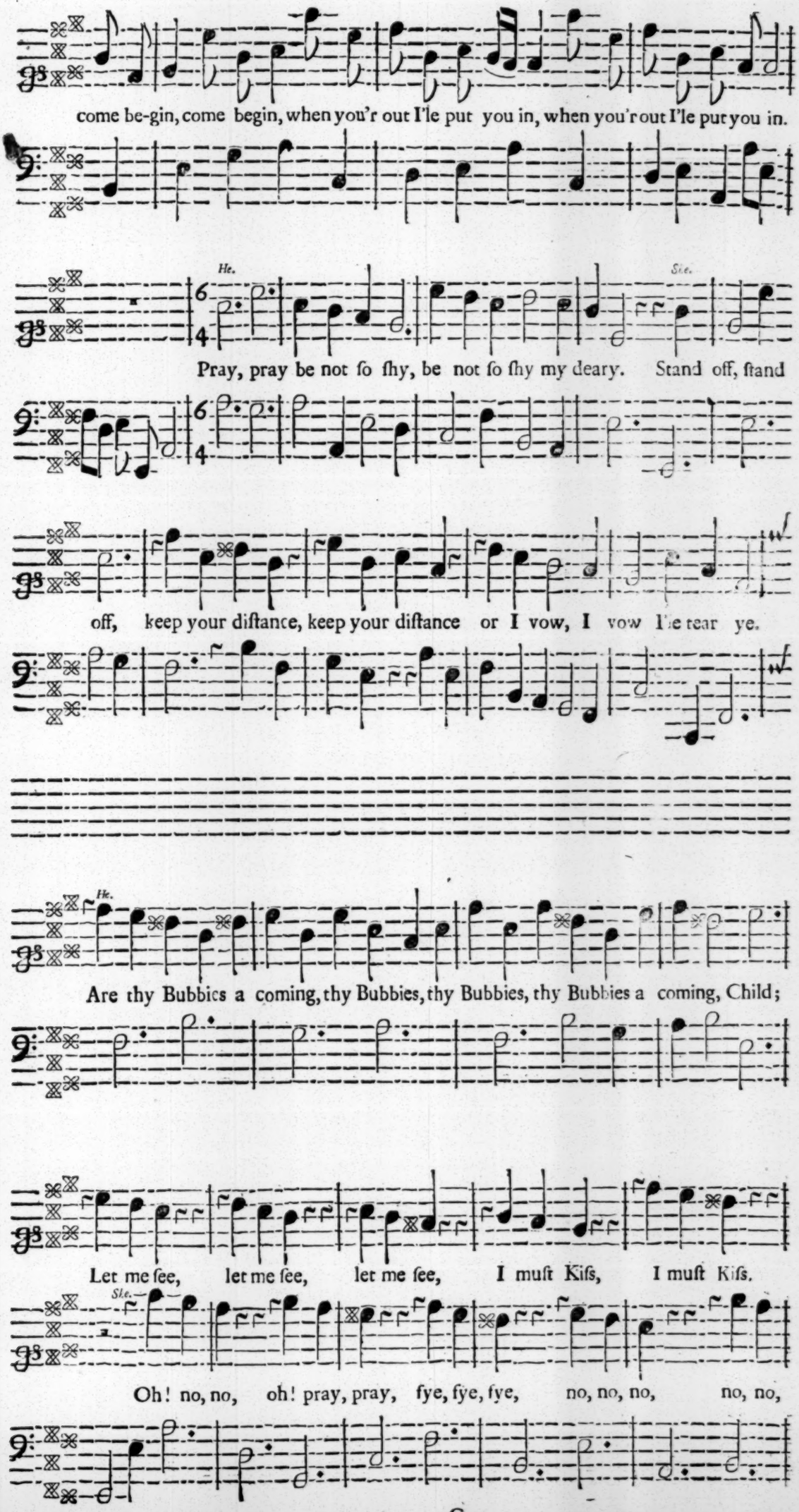

Come now we're friends, come now we're friends, and all, all, all is right, and all, all, all is
Come now we're friends, come now we're friends and all, all, all is right, drink,
right; drink, drink, drink, drink all day, but love, love, love at night, drink, drink, drink,
drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day but love at night,
drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day but
drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all
love, love, love at night, drink. Love, love, love at night, but love, love, love at night.
day but love at night. day but love at night, but love, love, love at night.

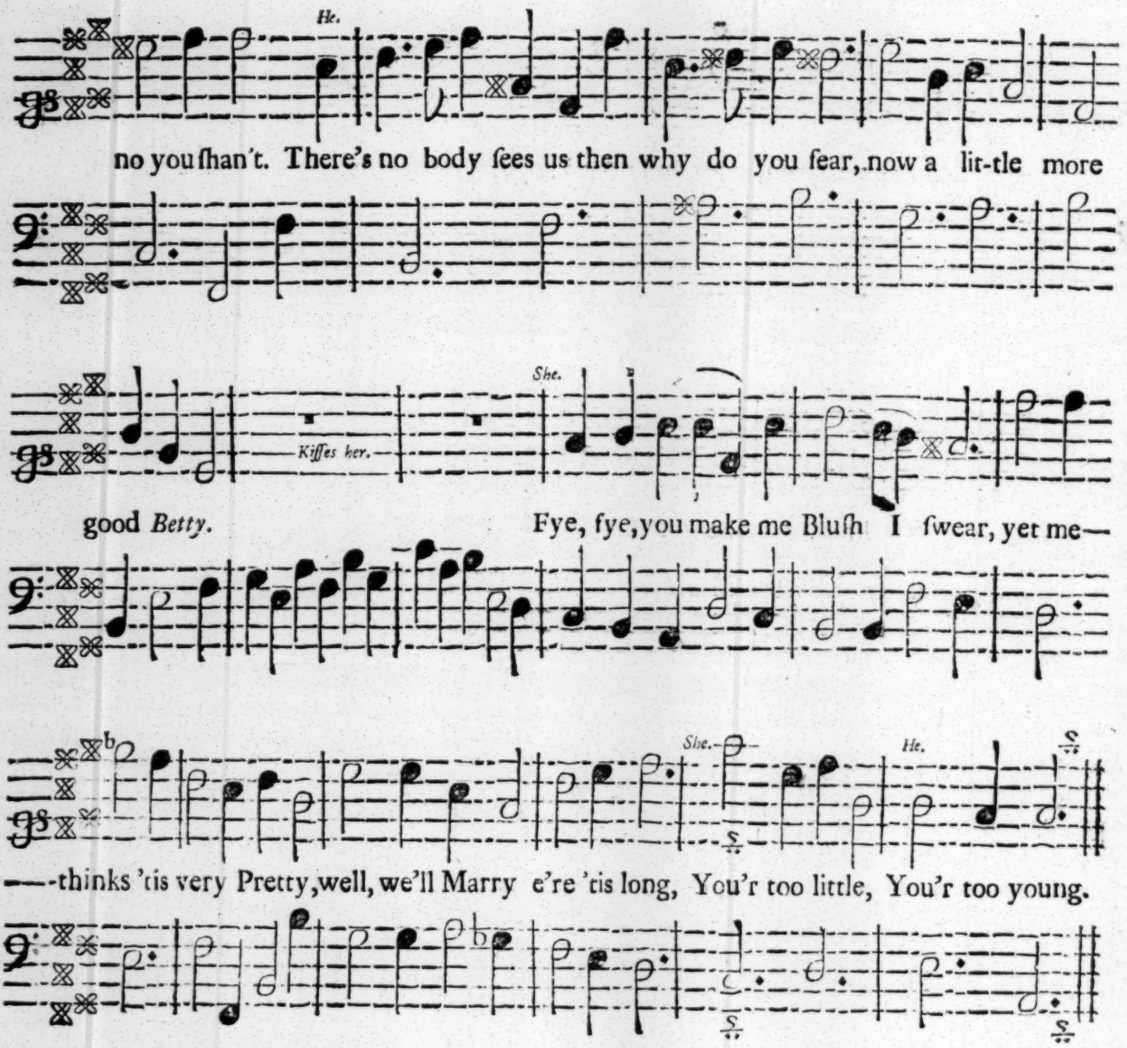
A Dialogue in (*Love's a Jeſt*) between a Boy and a Girl in the Fourth Act.

Sett to Muſick by Mr. *John Eccles.*

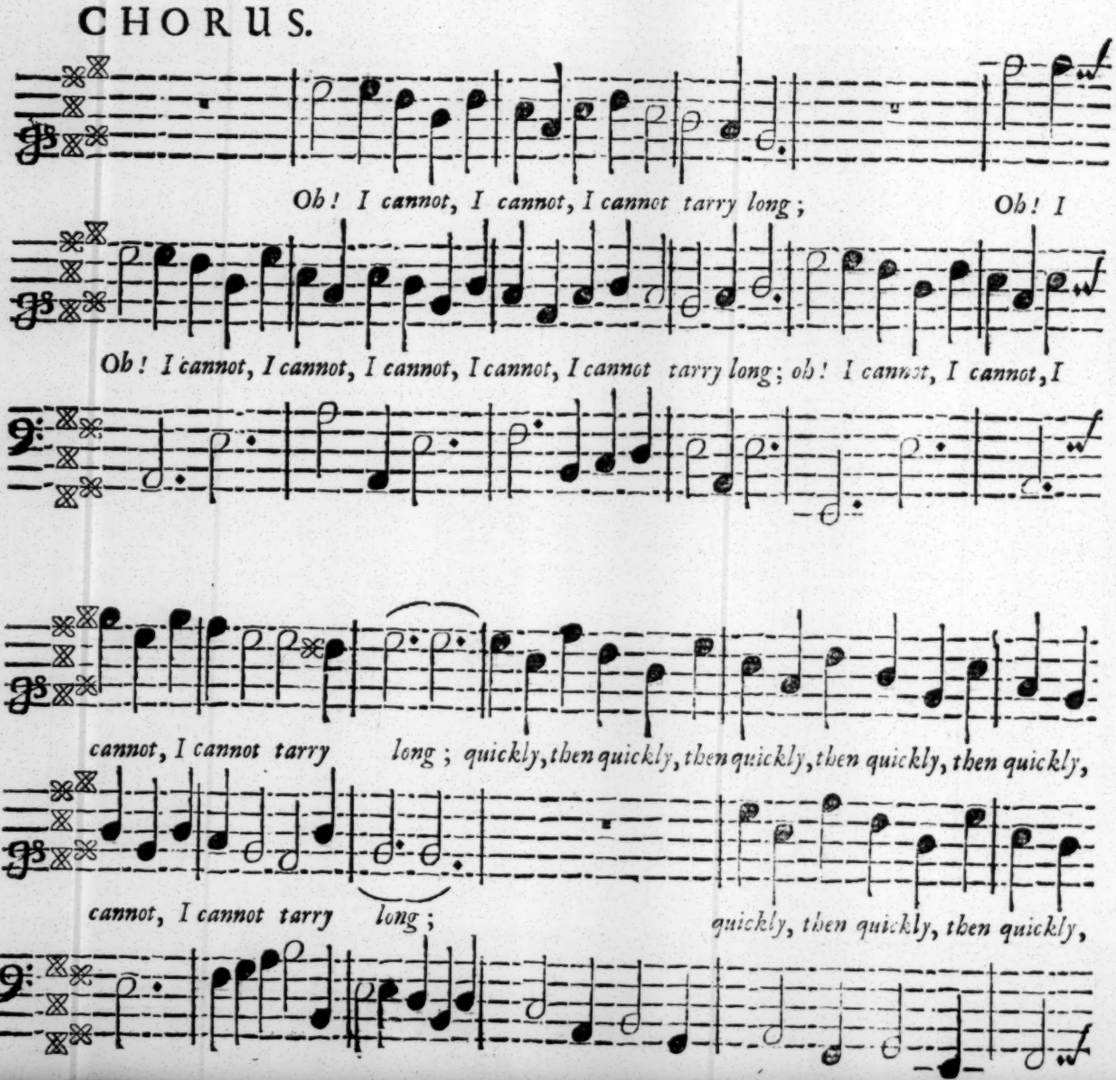


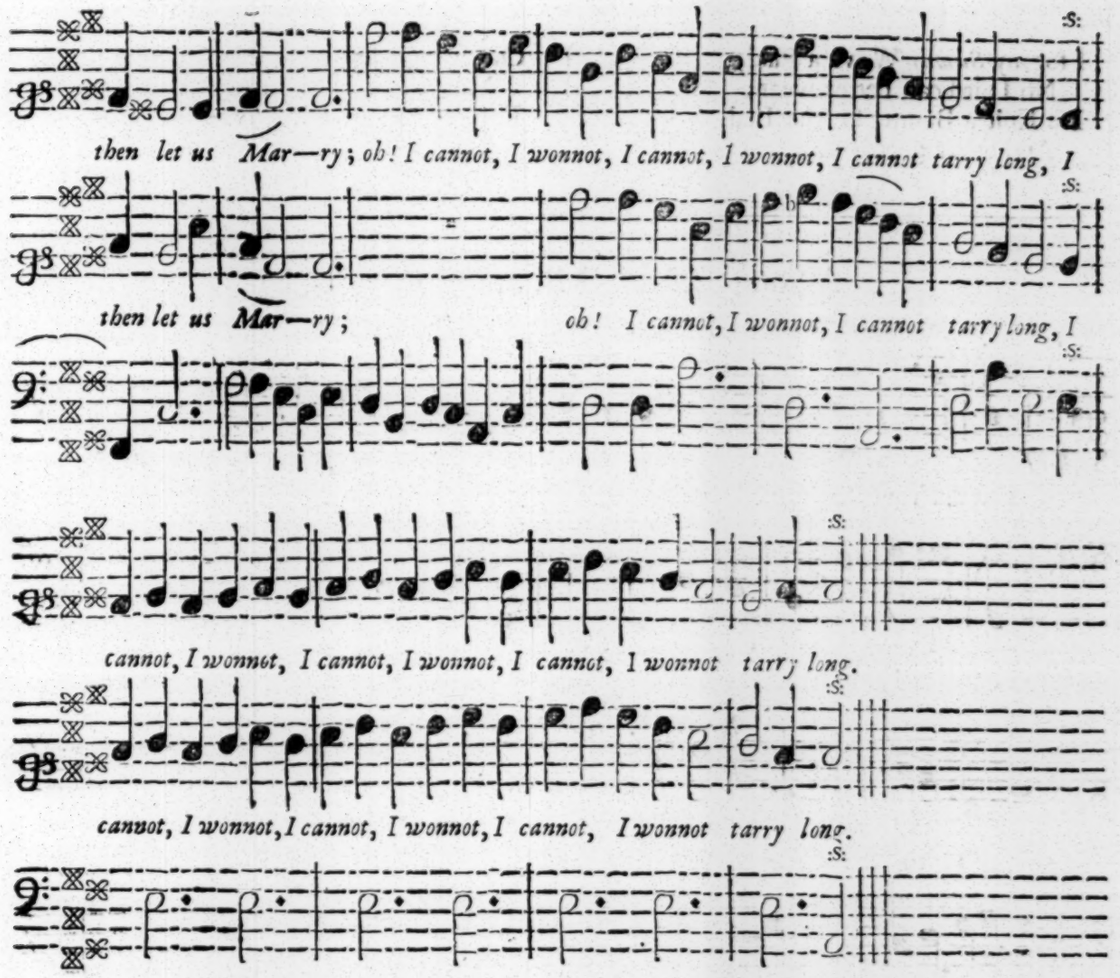

She flings her Baby away.
He.
nay my fi--neſt Ba-by too. Come let us play, let us play at Man and Wife, come
She.
come let us play, let us play at Man and Wife. Fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye,
fye you know, that's full of ſtrife, you know that's full of ſtrife, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye,
He.
fye that's full of ſtrife. Come then let us Kiſs, let us Kiſs and hug, let's Kiſs and hug, let's
Kiſs and hug each other, let's Kiſs and hug each other, like my Father and my
She.
Mother, like my Father and my Mother. Ay that's better, that's better, that's better,


come be-gin, come begin, when you'r out I'le put you in, when you'r out I'le put you in.
He.
She.
Pray, pray be not ſo ſhy, be not ſo ſhy my deary. Stand off, ſtand
off, keep your diſtance, keep your diſtance or I vow, I vow I'le tear ye.
He.
Are thy Bubbies a coming, thy Bubbies, thy Bubbies, thy Bubbies a coming, Child;
Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee, I muſt Kiſs, I muſt Kiſs.
She.
Oh! no, no, oh! pray, pray, fye, fye, fye, no, no, no, no, no,

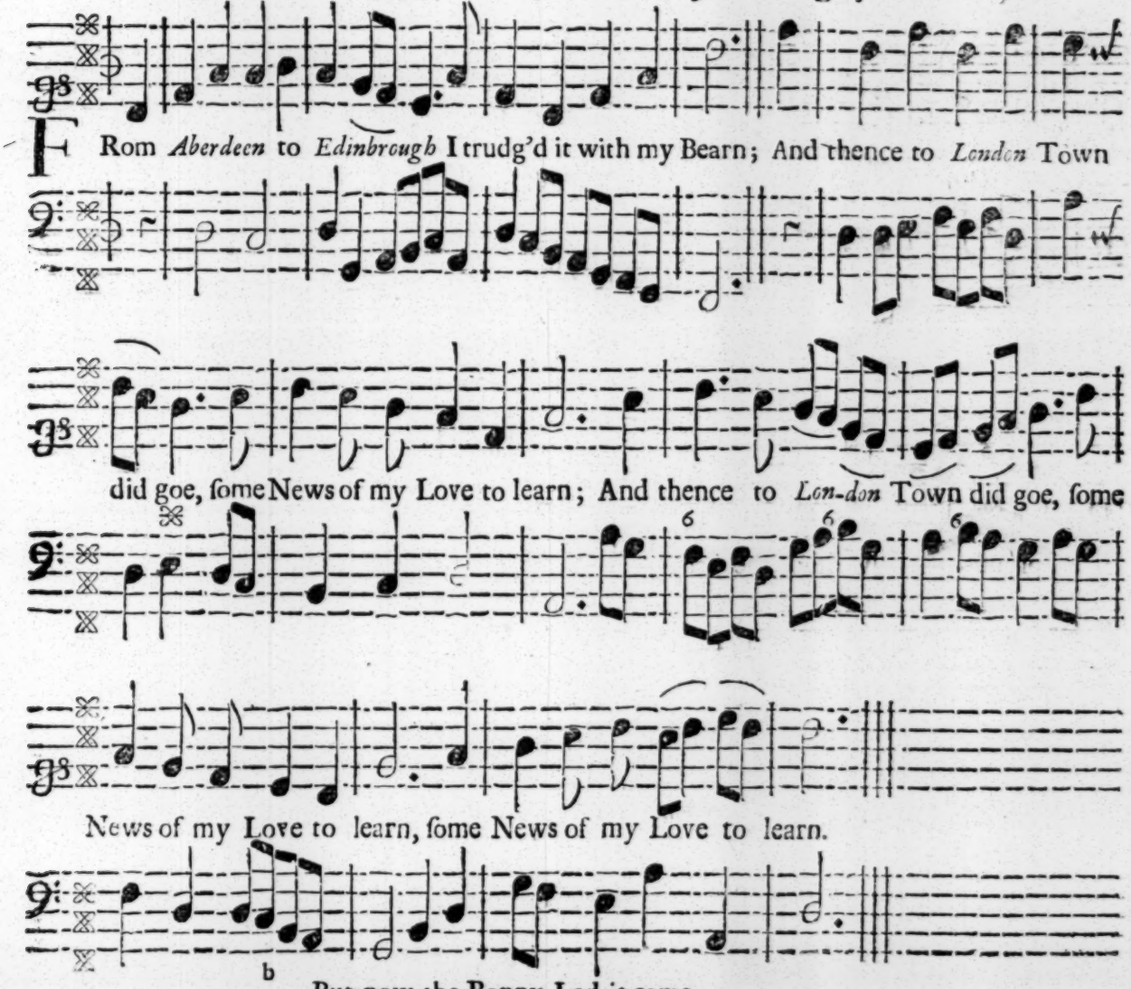

He.
no you ſhan't. There's no body ſees us then why do you fear, now a lit-tle more
She.
Kiſſes her.
good Betty.
Fye, fye, you make me Bluſh I ſwear, yet me—
She.
He.
—thinks 'tis very Pretty, well, we'll Marry e're 'tis long, You'r too little, You'r too young.

CHORUS.


Oh! I cannot, I cannot, I cannot tarry long; Oh! I
Oh! I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot tarry long; oh! I cannot, I cannot, I
cannot, I cannot tarry long; quickly, then quickly, then quickly, then quickly, then quickly,
cannot, I cannot tarry long;
quickly, then quickly, then quickly,



A Song in (*Love's a Jeſt*). Set by Mr. *Ackeroyd*. Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*.



But now the Bonny Lad is come,
With Royal *Willy* here;
So I'ſe e'en gang contented home,
Sin I have got my Dear.

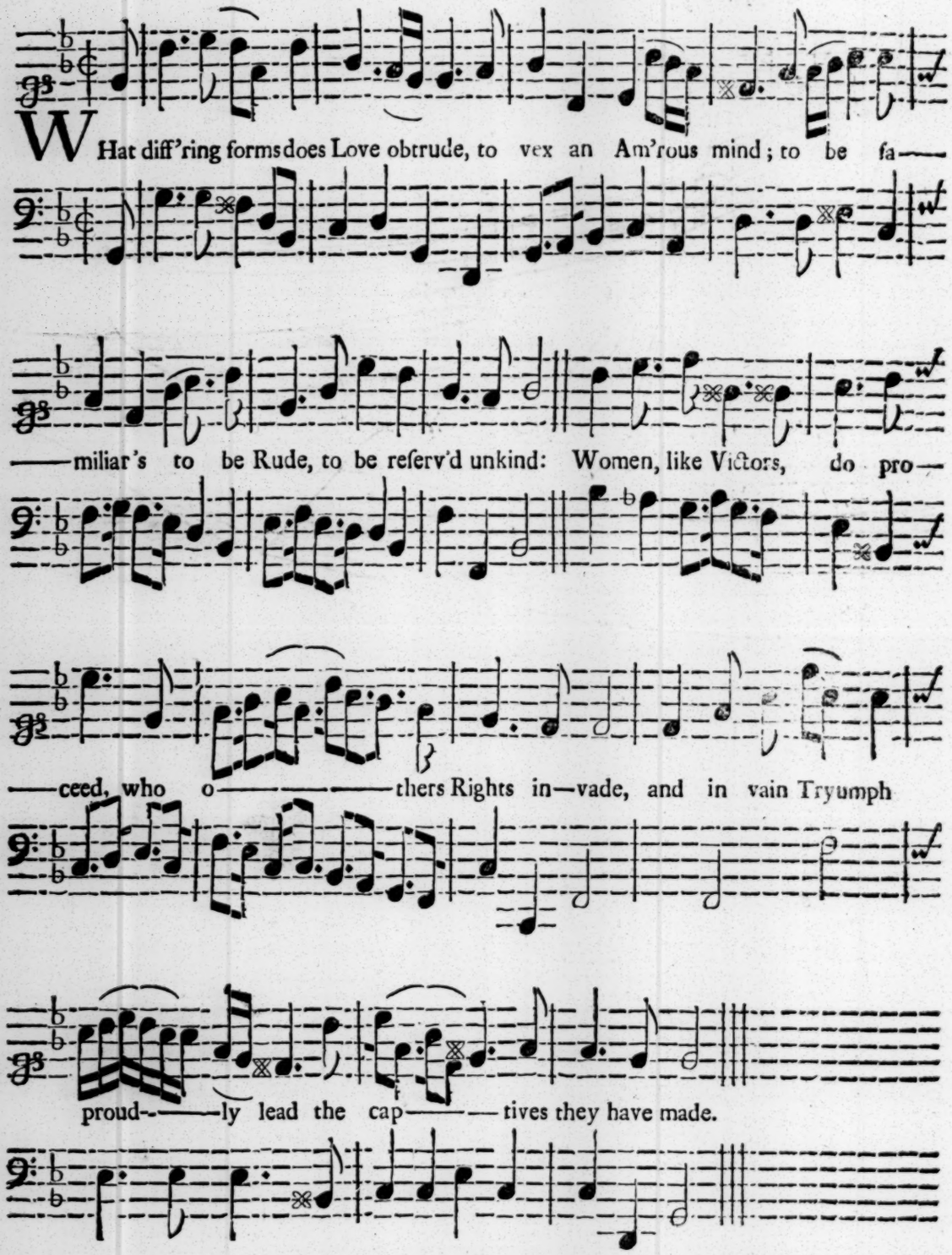
III.

I for my *Sawny* Wove a Plad,
No Laird can better wear;
I'se Knit a Bonnet for the Lad,
And other goodly Geer.

IV.

Our canny Loons and Lasses now
Mun all be blythe and dance;
For *Sawny* says, we'se force to bow
The mickle De'el of *France*.

A Song Sett by Mr. *Moses Snow*, B. M.



II.

Thus Lovers in uncertainty,
Like Mariners are toſt;
Who tho' they ſcape a Storm at Sea,
Are Wrackt upon the Coaſt:
Then ſince their Treacherous Arts I ſee,
In vain are all their Charms;
My Native freedom ne'er ſhall be
Subdu'd to forraign Arms.

F I N I S.